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THE SOCIALIST IDEAL.

I.—ART.

SOME people will perhaps not be prepared to hear that Socialism has any ideal of art, for in the first place it is so obviously founded on the necessity for dealing with the bare economy of life that many, and even some Socialists, can see nothing save that economic basis; and moreover, many who might be disposed to admit the necessity of an economic change in the direction of Socialism believe quite sincerely that art is fostered by the inequalities of condition which it is the first business of Socialism to do away with, and indeed that it cannot exist without them. Nevertheless, in the teeth of these opinions I assert first that Socialism is an all-embracing theory of life, and that as it has an ethic and a religion of its own, so also it has an æsthetic: so that to every one who wishes to study Socialism duly it is necessary to look on it from the æsthetic point of view. And, secondly, I assert that inequality of condition, whatever may have been the case in former ages of the world, has now become incompatible with the existence of a healthy art.

But before I go further I must explain that I use the word *art* in a wider sense than is commonly used amongst us to-day; for convenience sake, indeed, I will exclude all appeals to the intellect and emotions that are not addressed to the eyesight, though properly speaking, music and all literature that deals with style should be considered as portions of art; but I can exclude from consideration as a possible vehicle of art no production of man which can

be looked at. And here at once becomes obvious the sundering of the ways between the Socialist and the commercial view of art. To the Socialist a house, a knife, a cup, a steam engine, or what not, anything, I repeat, that is made by man and has form, must either be a work of art or destructive to art. The Commercialist, on the other hand, divides "manufactured articles" into those which are prepensely works of art, and are offered for sale in the market as such, and those which have no pretence and could have no pretence to artistic qualities. The one side asserts indifference, the other denies it. The Commercialist sees that in the great mass of civilised human labour there is no pretence to art, and thinks that this is natural, inevitable, and on the whole desirable. The Socialist, on the contrary, sees in this obvious lack of art a *disease* peculiar to modern civilisation and hurtful to humanity; and furthermore believes it to be a disease which can be remedied.

This disease and injury to humanity, also, he thinks is no trifling matter, but a grievous deduction from the happiness of man; for he knows that the all-pervading art of which I have been speaking, and to the possibility of which the Commercialist is blind, is *the expression of pleasure in the labour of production;* and that, since all persons who are not mere burdens on the community must produce, in some form or another, it follows that under our present system most *honest* men must lead unhappy lives, since their work, which is the most important part of their lives, is devoid of pleasure.

Or, to put it very bluntly and shortly, under the present state of society happiness is only possible to artists and thieves.

It will at once be seen from this statement how necessary it is for Socialists to consider the due relation of art to society; for it is their aim to realise a reasonable, logical, and stable society; and of the two groups above-named it must be said that the artists (using the word in its present narrow meaning) are few, and are too busy over their special work (small blame to them) to pay much heed to public matters; and that the thieves (of all classes) form a disturbing element in society.

Now, the Socialist not only sees this disease in the body politic,

but also thinks that he knows the cause of it, and consequently can conceive of a remedy; and that all the more because the disease is in the main peculiar, as above-said, to modern civilisation. Art was once the common possession of the whole people; it was the rule in the Middle Ages that the produce of handicraft was beautiful. Doubtless, there were eyesores in the palmy days of mediæval art, but these were caused by destruction of wares, not as now by the making of them: it was the act of war and devastation that grieved the eye of the artist then; the sacked town, the burned village, the deserted fields. Ruin bore on its face the tokens of its essential hideousness; to-day, it is prosperity that is externally ugly.

The story of the Lancashire manufacturer who, coming back from Italy, that sad museum of the nations, rejoiced to see the smoke, with which he was poisoning the beauty of the earth, pouring out of his chimneys, gives us a geniune type of the active rich man of the Commercial Period, degraded into incapacity of even wishing for decent surroundings. In those past days the wounds of war were grievous indeed, but peace would bring back pleasure to men, and the hope of peace was at least conceivable; but now, peace can no longer help us and has no hope for us; the prosperity of the country, by whatever "leaps and bounds" it may advance, will but make everything more and more ugly about us; it will become more a definitely established axiom that the longing for beauty, the interest in history, the intelligence of the whole nation, shall be of no power to stop one rich man from injuring the whole nation to the full extent of his riches, that is, of his privilege of taxing other people; it will be proved to demonstration, at least to all lovers of beauty and a decent life, that private property is public robbery.

Nor, however much we may suffer from this if we happen to be artists, should we Socialists at least complain of it. For, in fact, the "peace" of Commercialism is not peace, but bitter war, and the ghastly waste of Lancashire and the ever-spreading squalor of London are at least object-lessons to teach us that this is so, that there is war in the land which quells all our efforts to live wholesomely and happily. The *necessity* of the time, I say, is to feed the

commercial war which we are all of us waging in some way or another; if, while we are doing this, we can manage, some of us, to adorn our lives with some little pleasure of the eyes, it is well, but it is no *necessity*, it is a luxury, the lack of which we must endure.

Thus, in this matter also does the artificial famine of inequality, felt in so many other ways, impoverish us despite of our riches; and we sit starving amidst our gold, the Midas of the ages.

Let me state bluntly a few facts about the present condition of the arts before I try to lay before my readers the definite Socialist ideal which I have been asked to state. It is necessary to do this because no ideal for the future can be conceived of unless we proceed by way of contrast; it is the desire to escape from the present failure which forces us into what are called "ideals"; in fact, they are mostly attempts by persons of strong hope to embody their discontent with the present.

It will scarcely be denied, I suppose, that at present art is only enjoyed, or indeed thought of, by comparatively a few persons, broadly speaking, by the rich and the parasites that minister to them directly. The poor can only afford to have what art is given to them in charity; which is of the inferior quality inherent in all such gifts—not worth picking up except by starving people.

Now, having eliminated the poor (that is, almost the whole mass of those that make anything that has *form*, which, as before-said, must either be helpful to life or destructive of it,) as not sharing in art from any side, let us see how the rich, who do share in it to a certain extent, get on with it. But poorly, I think, although they are rich. By abstracting themselves from the general life of man that surrounds them, they can get some pleasure from a few works of art; whether they be part of the wreckage of times past, or produced by the individual labour, intelligence, and patience of a few men of genius of to-day fighting desperately against all the tendencies of the age. But they can do no more than surround themselves with a little circle of hot-house atmosphere of art hopelessly at odds with the common air of day. A rich man may have a house full of pictures, and beautiful books, and furniture and so forth; but as soon as he steps out into the streets he is again in the midst of ugliness to which he must blunt his senses, or be miserable if he

really cares about art. Even when he is in the country, amidst the beauty of trees and fields, he cannot prevent some neighbouring landowner making the landscape hideous with utilitarian agriculture; nay, it is almost certain that his own steward or agent will force him into doing the like on his own lands; he cannot even rescue his parish church from the hands of the restoring parson. He can go where he likes and do what he likes outside the realm of art, but there he is helpless. Why is this? Simply because the great mass of effective art, that which pervades all life, *must* be the result of the harmonious co-operation of neighbours. And a rich man has no neighbours—nothing but rivals and parasites.

Now the outcome of this is that though the educated classes (as we call them) have theoretically some share in art, or might have, as a matter of fact they have very little. Outside the circle of the artists themselves there are very few even of the educated classes who care about art. Art is kept alive by a small group of artists working in a spirit quite antagonistic to the spirit of the time; and they also suffer from the lack of co-operation which is an essential lack in the art of our epoch. They are limited, therefore, to the production of a few individualistic works, which are looked upon by almost everybody as curiosities to be examined, and not as pieces of beauty to be enjoyed. Nor have they any position or power of helping the public in general matters of taste (to use a somewhat ugly word). For example, in laying out all the parks and pleasure grounds which have lately been acquired for the public, as far as I know, no artist has been consulted; whereas they ought to have been laid out by a committee of artists; and I will venture to say that even a badly chosen committee (and it might easily be well chosen) would have saved the public from most of the disasters which have resulted from handing them over to the tender mercies of the landscape gardener.

This, then, is the position of art in this epoch. It is helpless and crippled amidst the sea of utilitarian brutality. It cannot perform the most necessary functions: it cannot build a decent house, or ornament a book, or lay out a garden, or prevent the ladies of the time from dressing in a way that caricatures the body and degrades it. On the one hand it is cut off from the traditions of the past, on

the other from the life of the present. It is the art of a clique and not of the people. The people are too poor to have any share of it.

As an artist I *know* this, because I can *see* it. As a Socialist I know that it can never be bettered as long as we are living in that special condition of inequality which is produced by the direct and intimate exploitation of the makers of wares, the workmen, at the hands of those who are not producers in any, even the widest, acceptation of the word.

The first point, therefore, in the Socialist ideal of art is that it should be common to the whole people; and this can only be the case if it comes to be recognised that art should be an integral part of all manufactured wares that have definite form and are intended for any endurance. In other words, instead of looking upon art as a luxury incidental to a certain privileged position, the Socialist claims art as a necessity of human life which society has no right to withhold from any one of the citizens; and he claims also that in order that this claim may be established people shall have every opportunity of taking to the work which each is best fitted for; not only that there may be the least possible waste of human effort, but also that that effort may be exercised pleasurably. For I must here repeat what I have often had to say, that the pleasurable exercise of our energies is at once the source of all art and the cause of all happiness: that is to say, it is the end of life. So that once again the society which does not give a due opportunity to all its members to exercise their energies pleasurably has forgotten the end of life, is not fulfilling its functions, and therefore is a mere tyranny to be resisted at all points.

Furthermore, in the making of wares there should be some of the spirit of the handicraftsman, whether the goods be made by hand, or by a machine that helps the hand, or by one that supersedes it. Now the essential part of the spirit of the handicraftsman is the instinct for looking at the wares in themselves and their essential use as the object of his work. Their secondary uses, the exigencies of the market, are nothing to him; it does not matter to him whether the goods he makes are for the use of a slave or a king, his business is to make them as excellent as may be; if he does otherwise he is making wares for rogues to sell to fools, and

he is himself a rogue by reason of his complicity. All this means that he is making the goods for *himself;* for his own pleasure in making them and using them. But to do this he requires reciprocity, or else he will be ill-found, except in the goods that he himself makes. His neighbours must make goods in the same spirit that he does; and each, being a good workman after his kind, will be ready to recognise excellence in the others, or to note defects; because the primary purpose of the goods, their *use* in fact, will never be lost sight of. Thus the market of neighbours, the interchange of mutual good services, will be established, and will take the place of the present gambling market, and its bond-slave the modern factory system. But the working in this fashion, with the unforced and instinctive reciprocity of service, clearly implies the existence of something more than a mere gregarious collection of workmen. It implies a consciousness of the existence of a society of neighbours, that is of equals; of men who do indeed expect to be made use of by others, but only so far as the services they give are pleasing to themselves; so far as they are services the performance of which is necessary to their own well-being and happiness.

Now, as on the one hand I *know* that no worthy popular art can grow out of any other soil than this of freedom and mutual respect, so on the other I feel sure both that this opportunity will be given to art and also that it will avail itself of it, and that, once again, nothing which is made by man will be ugly, but will have its due form, and its due ornament, will tell the tale of its making and the tale of its use, even where it tells no other tale. And this because when people once more take pleasure in their work, when the pleasure rises to a certain point, the expression of it will become irresistible, and that expression of pleasure is art, whatever form it may take. As to that form, do not let us trouble ourselves about it; remembering that after all the earliest art which we have record of is still art to us; that Homer is no more out of date than Browning; that the most scientifically-minded of people (I had almost said the most utilitarian), the ancient Greeks, are still thought to have produced good artists; that the most superstitious epoch of the world, the early Middle Ages, produced the freest art; though there is reason enough for that if I had time to go into it.

For in fact, considering the relation of the modern world to art, our business is now, and for long will be, not so much attempting to produce definite art, as rather clearing the ground to give art its opportunity. We have been such slaves to the modern practice of the unlimited manufacture of makeshifts for real wares, that we run a serious risk of destroying the very material of art; of making it necessary that men, in order to have any artistic perception, should be born blind, and should get their ideas of beauty from the hearsay of books. This degradation is surely the first thing which we should deal with; and certainly Socialists must deal with it at the first opportunity; *they* at least must see, however much others may shut their eyes: for they cannot help reflecting that to condemn a vast population to live in South Lancashire while art and education are being furthered in decent places, is like feasting within earshot of a patient on the rack.

Anyhow, the first step toward the fresh new-birth of art *must* interfere with the privilege of private persons to destroy the beauty of the earth for their private advantage, and thereby to rob the community. The day when some company of enemies of the community are forbidden, for example, to turn the fields of Kent into another collection of cinder heaps in order that they may extract wealth, unearned by them, from a mass of half-paid labourers; the day when some hitherto all powerful "pig-skin stuffed with money" is told that he shall not pull down some ancient building in order that he may force his fellow citizens to pay him additional rack-rent for land which is not his (save as the newly acquired watch of the highwayman is)—that day will be the beginning of the fresh new-birth of art in modern times.

But that day will also be one of the memorable days of Socialism; for this very privilege, which is but the privilege of the robber by force of arms, is just the thing which it is the aim and end of our present organisation to uphold; and all the formidable executive at the back of it, army, police, law courts, presided over by the judge as representing the executive, is directed towards this one end—to take care that the richest shall rule, and shall have full licence to injure the commonwealth to the full extent of his riches.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

II.—POLITICS.

THERE are so many innocent people among those just about to read the survey of politics as illuminated by Socialism upon which I am now entering, that I feel bound to warn them against expecting either accuracy or impartiality from me. Why they should expect from a man the qualities of a ready reckoner and a signpost, I do not know; but there is no doubt that writers are expected to be impartial in this country; and some of them are not above pretending to comply with this unnatural requirement. Further, I cannot for the life of me escape from the influence of my audience. In addressing the rich members of the review-reading classes, I am addressing an inorganic part of society; and when, out of mere good nature, I pretend to take them for real people, my acting lacks conviction: they smell brimstone, somehow, no matter how respectably my cloven hoof is booted. Come any Sunday (for nothing) to hear me explain things to an audience of working men; and, though I say it, a more serious and elevated propagandist you will not find in the world. But confront me with a respectable audience, even though it be a Socialist one, and my sense of humour gets the better of me: the truths they ignore assume flippant and fantastic disguises in spite of me: the deportment of the truthteller sinks to the occasion and becomes egotistical and shameless. And after all, what good would it do if I were to rage at them like another Jeremiah? They would not believe—would not comprehend—would feel sincerely hurt at my misunderstandings of them. I could not even shame them into effecting the social change I aim at; for that change will not be made by them, but by men with whom they dare not walk arm in arm down Piccadilly. What can I do but give the rein to my fancy, and charitably amuse these poor devils of ladies and gentlemen who never meant any harm, and would be heartily willing to further any arrangement by which they could have what money they want without causing suffering to any human being? I know a Socialist who began open-air speaking with much diffidence

as to his powers of extemporaneous oratory. On the other hand he was a confident executant upon the German concertina. So he took the instrument with him to an eligible street corner; induced the nearest progressively-minded confectioner to throw in the loan of a chair with a pennyworth of voice lozenges; stood on the seat; and played a voluntary on the concertina. A crowd soon assembled, as around Orpheus; and my friend then put down the concertina and began: "Friends and fellow citizens: the misery of the workers, and the brutal despotism," &c. If the oration was unsuccessful and the audience began to disperse, the concertina was resumed; and thus, between Socialism and music, the cause flourished. It was a capital plan; but in respectable circles I improve on it by making the entertainment, so to speak, all concertina.

Yet when the well-to-do confront me, not as assemblages of ladies and gentlemen, but as organised classes, political parties, schools of moralists, or Churches, then the mood for indulgent banter leaves me, and the Social Democrat comes out in his vital colours. To me the Gentleman is a disgraceful sponging creature, the Tory my natural enemy, the Liberal a treacherous ally who will desert me when the hour of battle comes. The landlord is a thief, the capitalist a thief and a hypocrite to boot, the moralist a pitiful dupe of his own ratiocinative machinery, and the genuinely pious man a most dangerous rascal. When they rise up in majesty to vindicate virtue (which is to me simply the primal curse) and rebuke my monstrous and immoral paradoxes, I take a horrible delight in forcing upon them that unbearable practical question, "How much harm are you doing?" The effect of this on a respectable Englishman, brought up in the belief that he may do as much harm as he likes provided he does it on principle, gratifies my keenest aggressive passions. When the Fabian Society sends me to lecture to the earnest people in the provinces, such accounts are often sent in of my having left "a bad moral impression," that it becomes necessary to send down another lecturer to explain that Socialism is to be introduced, not because it will do anybody any good (which would at once vitiate the thing with a low motive), but because duty, religion, and sound economic and democratic principles imperatively

demand its establishment by a great act of self-denial on the part of everybody. The effect of this is excellent, as it follows the natural order of the growth of conviction in the British mind. First I show the Briton that Socialism will benefit him, thereby creating a demand for some person to prove that Socialism is "right." My successor meets that demand; and Socialism, provided with a moral basis, becomes respectable and begins to boom. Even my own character is rehabilitated by the discovery that since I do without whatever I cannot afford, and abstain from certain popular and unwholesome foods which I happen to dislike, besides lecturing for nothing to people who have no money, I am obviously a model of self-denial and disinterested devotion to a great principle of human brotherhood, any expressions to the contrary on my own part being mere delightful eccentricities, probably due to the accident of birth, which occurred to me in Ireland. All this sounds egotistical; but it is of the greatest importance as an illustration: you cannot understand the vogue either of Socialism or Unsocialism without it Once show the masses that Socialism will do them some good; and no matter what your opinions and character may be, it will be found easy to rationalise and moralise not only your teaching, but yourself, to the satisfaction of the masses. Once show the capitalist classes that private property and free competition will enrich them; and within a month first-class arguments will be manufactured to prove that private property is a sacred and eternal social institution, with free competition for its sacred and eternal social principle. The purveyor of the arguments may be an atheist and utilitarian—that will not matter: Nonconformity and Establishment alike will see him solely as an eminent political economist.

Politics, then, are based on the pocket. I do not deny that there are men and women to whom complete living is so rich, so significant a process that they suffocate in a society where the huge majority go to their graves without ever having been one-fifth alive. To them the natural fact of the will to live makes all human society not founded on a natural right to live unhappy and ultimately impossible. Of these elect you will find about a dozen in any populous district of England. To the rest all persons count as living until they become corpses; and some will

prove to you out of Bentham that there are no such things as natural rights in a manner that reminds you irresistibly of a learned pig selecting a number under the eye of its showman. Do not, however, rashly conclude that they are wholly unsympathetic or depraved: by no means: the aggregate of their kindly acts for one day alone would cheer a Swift or a Koheleth if it could be counted up for him. Still, they are not generous enough to carry Socialism by mere force of generosity. Mr. Gladstone has just estimated the generosity of the rich at 10 per cent. of their incomes. That shows that he has found them good fellows enough; but of what use is that to me, the Socialist, who want to get at 100 per cent. of their incomes? Even the generous souls among those who have great possessions turn away sorrowfully from Social Democracy, not because they will give nothing—they will give a thousand pounds to General Booth or a hundred to an hospital with both hands—but because they will not give all. The proof of the want of the will is the want of the way; for when by chance one of the twelve is a rich man, he cannot surrender his riches to a society which is not organised to receive them, and so must summon up the moderate fortitude needed to endure the sneering comment expressed in the memorable phrase of Mr. F.'s aunt, "It'll be long enough afore he'll give up any of his own money." Be it added that when society *is* organised to receive such donations, it will not leave its benefactors the option of refusing.

Consider the painful situation. Socialism, polite, constitutional, and Fabian as it has become, intends eventually to take every square foot of land and every penny of capital in the country from their private proprietors and to make them public property, without any further compensations than those which, ample though they may be, the proprietary classes have not been educated to appreciate. Moral force, Mr. Gladstone tells us, may perhaps accomplish 10 per cent. of the transfer. The remaining 90 per cent. must then be effected by coercion. But observe, this is highly principled England, where coercion must have moral force behind it. Let us see how the moral forces will balance themselves.

At present the Liberal party, by a series of great reforms, have settled the social question to the perfect satisfaction of those who

have more than enough to live on. Persons in this enviable situation can save money without privation and invest it as capital, adding the interest thereon to their incomes and so being able to save still more. Thus a large income acts on saving just as nitrous oxide acts on dentistry. For a millionaire saving is a positive pleasure. For the man of more moderate resources, who is conscious of denying himself a carriage, or a yacht, or an extra servant for the sake of his children, the privation is just sensible enough to impart a delicious and morally invigorating consciousness of virtue. To the most fortunate sort of factory operative, if he has no great appetite for enjoyment, and rather exults in saying No! continually to the petitions of his wife and children, saving is difficult and unpleasant; but it is possible to the extent of about ten pounds a year; so that an industrious and disagreeable man will have £400 of his own after working forty years for nine or ten hours a day: that is to say, about one five-thousandth part of what one of our great landlords can save in a single year without doing a stroke of work or inflicting the faintest appreciable privation on himself or anyone about him. But this factory operative belongs to the aristocracy of labour. The ordinary labourer, who enjoys the distinction of being that famous figure, "the average Englishman," makes himself and his family most miserable by his efforts to save enough to tide him over his next spell among the unemployed. As to the agricultural labourer, with his eleven to thirteen shillings a week (mostly eleven), even Mr. John Morley, the most intelligently ignorant of our Liberal politicians, nearly scuttled the Liberal ship the other day by admitting that to preach "thrift" to agricultural labourers was but to fill their bellies with the east wind. In the presence of the woman at the East End, who earns from four to six shillings a week by working sixteen hours a day, a recommendation to save money is ferocious, heartless, criminally thoughtless: when some wretched duke or bishop is guilty of it one's gorge rises; one's blood boils; one turns with relief even to Mr. Gladstone prescribing the same remedy to the railway workers with their sixteen to twenty-three shillings.

But I am forgetting that my concertina is not the big drum. I shall be reminded presently of that £200,000,000 which the working

classes have saved during the last half century. Being inept at figures, I could never get the calculation quite up to those round numbers; but I will not quarrel over an odd twenty millions or so. I will turn my drumstick into a slate-pencil and try the question that way. Mr. Gladstone gives us (from Mr. Giffen) the capital of the country at £10,000,000,000. The Giffen of 1840, Porter estimated the capital then at £4,000,000,000. Consequently, the well-to-do have saved £5,800,000,000 whilst the wage-workers have been saving £200,000,000, which helps to explain why the Lancashire co-operators have secured only £80,000 of the capital of the Manchester Ship Canal for the factory operatives, whilst the balance of £5,920,000 has fallen into the hands of their landlords and masters. Evidently the great thrift solution of the social problem, by which everybody is to get up on everybody else's back and live by sweating dividends out of him will not do for the English people: it is too Utopian, too carelessly thought out, too flagrantly impracticable. Yet, for those who can afford to save, it presents itself as so feasible, so wholesome as a moral discipline, so incontestable a certificate of righteousness, that nothing but a very considerable progressive Income-tax will ever shake their faith; and I should not be at all surprised to hear of the London School Board proposing to relegate that precept about taking no thought for the morrow to the Apocrypha along with the Book of Amos.

Still, it must not be supposed that the work of making all things possible to the man with more than enough to live on was an easy one. Think of all the chains in which the Tory Lucifer had the Whig Mammon bound up at the beginning of the century. Mammon wanted to make England the workshop of the world: Lucifer intercepted the raw material with his protective duties. Mammon was often a Jew or a Dissenter: Lucifer would not let him into Parliament without swallowing Christian formulæ, nor give him all the opportunities of a gentleman if he would not join the Established Church. Mammon wanted to be qualified for Parliament by cash and scrip: Lucifer would hear of nothing but land, which he called "a stake in the country." Mammon wanted his son to enter the Civil Service: Lucifer kept all the good berths in his gift, and would turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of honest

merit backed by money's worth in education ; for he saw nothing in the public service but a great relieving institution for the county family cadet, and the needy but highly connected generally. Mammon wanted the vote for the people in order that they might vote for him against Lucifer ; and he wanted the ballot to protect them from Lucifer's intimidation at the polling booth. Mammon came even to want some sort of education for his factory "hands" to enable them to compete with the State-educated foreign "hand"; and Lucifer stood in the way because he wanted his agricultural labourers to know no more than how to drive a straight furrow and touch their hats, book-learning being ominous for Lucifer. Now against all this opposition Mammon has fought and triumphed : his enemy is in the dust : he is putting off his armour with a sigh of relief, confident that his warfare is accomplished, and that all that remains of human policy is the policy of gratitude to the great Liberal party. He found England existing only for an aristocracy to which nothing but the accident of birth could procure admission. He has left it existing only for a plutocracy open to every man, however modest his ability, who has money to spare. Such a one can now invest that spare money and make the most of it under Free Trade ; he can go into Parliament without any property qualification beyond a thousand pounds loose cash and an independent income ; he can become richer and richer without working ; he can equip his son with the education that opens the door of the Home Office, the War Office, the Colonial Office, the Indian Civil Service, and what not ; he can, within human limits, do what he pleases. Can his devotion to the party that has done this for him be carried too far ?

Imagine now the disgust of the Liberal party at the fickleness and ingratitude of human nature, when its triumphant revels are interrupted by the disgusting drone of my friend's concertina in the street outside. It is not even a sixteen-guinea English, concertina, but a German one, cheap and nasty. Why will not this man go away, buy presentable clothes, get into the Civil Service avail himself of Free Trade by investing capital in Lancashire, stand for Parliament, return a self-made man and a good Liberal ? Because, he says, he has not a farthing over and above what is

barely sufficient to keep him in his present condition, and never had, neither he nor his father before him. And he excuses his discreditable predicament by pointing out that all that his and his father's heavy labour produced over and above the subsistence wage has been taken from him to make up the incomes of the Liberal plutocrats inside. A most insufferable indiscretion this: take him away, police, there! It is as bad as the stoker on the Rhine steamboat in Freiligrath's poem, who suddenly shoves his hideous grimy head up through the beautiful clean deck, among the flags and flowers, and impudently says to the King:

> Above my head you gaily walk,
> Whilst down in labour's den below, where all the air is reeking hot,
> Within the sultry forge of Need I hammer out my heavy lot;
> Nor mine alone—thine also, King; for who could make the wheels go round,
> Unless the stoker's sturdy fist had plied the poker underground?

Verses of this sort were well enough when directed at kings; but in the reign of the plutocrat, Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" is in far better taste; for they raise the question whether, now that the great work of making everything possible to the possessors of money is done, any further steps are to be taken to secure that the money shall find its way into the hands of those who earn it. If not, then clearly the election triumphs of the Liberal party are no more to the workers than a rise in the dividend of a tramway company is to the horses that drag the cars, who would rather have fewer passengers and lighter loads. If so, on the contrary, then what is to become of all the fruits of "abstinence," the great fortunes which Free Trade built up, the houses which it founded, the "success" which would have no meaning if there were no misery to give relative value to it? Must Mammon, having with great travail wrested the kingdom from Lucifer, hand it over to Labour before he has had time to fairly taste its delights? Perish the thought! If the dogs are on that scent, then drag something across it. Ireland, Scotch Disestablishment, "Free Breakfast Table," "Free Land" (popular expression, "free"!) Lords' Abolition, Registration Reform, anything that will lead to nothing. Above all, draw off the crowd from that fellow with the concertina, even

if it costs a fight (no street orator can compete with a fight) to do it. Let all Europe fight, if necessary. Payment of members we Liberals have denied to the mob all through the century: deny it still; and when the London Radicals will stand no further flat denial, humbug them by "recognising the principle" in an empty resolution outside the House of Commons. Keep that House free from "political adventurers" by reserving it for financial ones, for the sweaters, and for the landlords. With payment of members and election expenses the mob would fill our Parliaments with proletarian monsters, who would send our tax-collectors, backed by our brokers, our policemen, our soldiers (then, alas! *their* collectors, *their* brokers, *their* policemen, *their* soldiers), with unheard of Income-tax papers, containing only one abominable Schedule A, on Unearned Incomes, twenty shillings in the pound, or as much of it as the municipalities (also equipped with proletarian monsters) are ready to capitalise in the public organisation of industry. We should have the State, which now interferes in industry only to keep up shop rents about Trafalgar Square, or to save Messrs. Baring from bankruptcy, or to see Mr. Livesey's blacklegs safely into the gas-works—we should have this very State going into business on the people's account, expressly to cut out that private enterprise which is the sole support of the struggling professional man's widow and orphan, not to mention persons less apt to provoke sympathy. Thus far, Mammon, in great anguish of mind.

But you, review-reader, know all about these things from Fabian Essays, my part wherein cost me a sustained effort to be what the English people call serious, of which I nearly died. I shall not repeat that effort here: this is not the time nor the place. But if some staunch Liberal of sufficient importance to make it worth my while, would only talk these matters over quietly with me, on a platform, before a working class audience—or, indeed, any other audience, for what I care—how sweetly I would play the concertina to him! Or one of my friends, with a deeper sense of responsibility and a finer moral tone, would be happy to take my place. This would give us such a tremendous advertisement that the plutocracy would realise its danger and rally round the Liberal party with its eyes open and its nerves strung for the combat. But, bless you, no official Liberal will do

anything of the sort. A politician of Cabinet rank could not be seen on the same platform with a Social Democrat, particularly when the Social Democrat's avowed object is "getting his name up." Besides, they are not really strong men, these politicians : they stand on their personal dignity : you can huff them—"give 'em the 'ump," as they say at the East End—as easily as you can tease a child. And naturally you do it, when it serves your turn. So instead of having the dragon up and fighting him, they transform him into a rat with their plutocratic enchantments, and thrust him down into the cellar, to nibble with his million teeth at their foundation pillars. And he is making fair progress, I assure you—very fair progress.

Need I finish up the demonstration as to moral force by showing how the proletarian, once convinced that Socialism will benefit him suddenly takes high ground, and out-moralises the moralists with his appeals to Justice, to Humanity, to Brotherhood, to everything that begins with a capital letter? I think not: I only warn you that if you suppose he will not find principles to act upon in his own interest, and to give him the moral earnestness which only principle can give to those who have not fathomed what living means, you rather deceive yourself. With which final chord on the concertina, I close the entertainment.

G. Bernard Shaw.

III.—LITERATURE.

THE supposed incompatibility of Socialism and Literature is one of those gloomy prognostications which sometimes afflict the spirits of literary men. And it must be frankly admitted that, if there should prove to be any natural antagonism between the two, their collision would indeed be "very awkward" (to reapply George Stephenson's historic saying) for literature, since Socialism is a moral and economic force which, once started, is not in the least likely to be deflected from its career. There is, however, good reason to believe that these anxieties are superfluous: the spread of Socialistic principles does not imply the corresponding triumph of vandalism over culture, but rather the reverse; and an estimate of the probable effects of Socialism on literature may tend to reassure those who see in the coming nationalisation of letters a still more disquieting phenomenon than the nationalisation of machinery and land.

Slowly, but surely, the new ideal of co-operation is forcing itself more and more on the minds of thoughtful men, and irrevocably displacing the old superannuated formula of internecine competition; already it begins to be apparent that Socialism—the administration of the State in the interests of the whole, and not a part, of its citizens—is not only ethically just but economically inevitable. Accordingly, we see that a *sauve qui peut* is setting in among those very powers whose authority was most confidently invoked against the revolutionary gospel; for science, after blustering awhile, is prudently disposed to take up a "scientific frontier," which shall freely admit of future convenient readjustments; while religion has bethought itself of the very timely consideration that the welfare of the masses is precisely the question which the Churches have most at heart. And what of literature? It is full time that it, too, should begin to form some clear conception of the part it is prepared to play in the great struggle, and of the position it will hereafter fill. Let us assume, then, that Socialism, in some form or other, is ultimately certain to be realised: to discuss the

various forms is beside our present purpose, the one essential feature of any socialistic *régime* being that every citizen would, as a matter of course, be assured of a competent livelihood, while none would be able to inherit or amass any nucleus of inordinate wealth. In a State where riches and poverty were alike unknown, where private simplicity went hand-in-hand with public munificence, where the very notion of self-aggrandisement at the expense of one's fellows was held in utter detestation—what, in such a State, would be the probable condition of literature?

It is noticeable that in the history of every nation a certain stage of artificial society—the stage which sees the accumulation of big fortunes on one side and the pinch of extreme poverty on the other—is accompanied by a corresponding outburst of the *cacoëthes scribendi*, the "itch for authorship," which is the bane of all true literary feeling. This evil manifests itself in two different directions. First, we have the well-to-do, dilettante authors, who, being blessed with what is called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, an "independence," to wit, the privilege of living in absolute dependence on the labour of others, are able to indulge their private whims at the expense of the community by writing books which are not wanted, and setting other people to print, publish, distribute, review, and in some cases actually to read them. Secondly, there is the not less mischievous, though personally far less contemptible, class of needy, struggling writers, who have taken to the literary profession, as one might take to a pedlar's or costermonger's business, for the cogent reason that in the break-neck competition of modern society it chanced to offer itself as the readiest means of earning a precarious living. Like the unhappy vendors of boot-laces, matches, and other sweated goods, who importune unwilling purchasers along the pavements of our chief thoroughfares, so do these impecunious scribblers, the gutter-men of literature' flood the market with more or less worthless productions, and vie with their wealthier fellow-penmen in swelling the annual bulk of that vast national refuse-heap which is the receptacle for the ceaseless emptyings of our innumerable literary dustbins.

The inevitable result of this double process is the grievous degradation of literature. The vast majority of both classes—of the

rich men who live to write, and the poor men who write to live—have no natural capacity for the work they have undertaken ; there is no distinction or individuality about them which can be held to justify their choice ; they are the mere blacklegs of the profession, without purpose and without self-respect, who debase the standard of literary workmanship, and spoil the market for those craftsmen who have the true artistic gift. For, of course, it is not to be denied, but rather to be welcomed as a matter for sincerest rejoicing, that there are many such real workers, albeit a small proportion of the entire number, who, in spite of the discouragements of the existing system, do produce good results ; though it is important to note that these are usually the men who are not *only* writers, but have some other and more vital interest in the realities of life. At any rate, it is certain that where there *is* true individuality, where an author has positively something to say and a distinct faculty for saying it, things are at present so arranged as to put him entirely at a disadvantage ; he finds himself everywhere jostled and hampered by a crowd of self-seeking adventurers, while the venerable Bumble, who holds the power of the purse, is not usually observed to lend a favourable ear to the promulgators of original opinions. All which things being considered, it is not surprising that a deep pessimism, which is not less unmistakable because it is often veiled in the guise of persiflage, has settled down on our literature.

What, then, would Socialism do to remedy these evils? To take only that one essential condition of any conceivable Socialist State—the certainty that every citizen, man or woman, would be provided with the means of earning a sufficient and honourable livelihood—can it be doubted that this alone would revolutionise the profession of letters? For consider briefly what it implies. While all *necessary* writing work, journalistic, clerical, official, and the like, would be organised and paid on the same scale as any other, there would be an end to the existence of a self-appointed literary class except, possibly, where the possession of real talent gave promise of public utility. Henceforth there would be no idle rich gentlemen, who, for sheer lack of anything better to do, would cumber the world with translations from Horace or Heine, or dissertations on art, or volumes of travels, or (that last indignity) their own "reminis-

cences." There would be no poverty-stricken quill-drivers, compelled, in defiance of the inward monitor and the public neglect, to "dree their weird" to the bitter end, and write the more because they write in vain. Incalculable would be the benefit of the mere lessening of the number of published books, and a fair field would thus be opened for those authors who are attracted to writing by a natural and spontaneous aptitude. It was long ago discovered by the poet Ovid that the best remedy for blighted love is regular occupation, and it may safely be surmised that the blighted *littérateur* would be directed, in a Socialist community, to find comfort in the same infallible prescription. The "itch for authorship" would not survive the establishment of a system where everyone could put his hand, and, indeed, would be compelled to put his hand, to some wholesome and productive employment; and together with the *cacoëthes scribendi* would vanish, we may reasonably hope, that prevalent habit of morbid introspection and that tone of cultured cynicism which have so largely paralysed the literary strength of the present generation.

In the prophetic sketch which has been given of the organised society of the future by the author of *Looking Backward*, it is observable that a successful writer is permitted to support himself by pen alone, and to claim immunity from the ordinary work which the State requires of its citizens; but Mr. Bellamy, as if conscious that he is here on perilous ground, is careful to add that the popular judgment, by which success is conferred, would be far less partial and erratic than that of nineteenth-century readers, so that the literary class thus established would be at once a smaller and more efficient one. There is little to be gained by speculating on the minor details of the Socialism of a century hence, which, whatever it may prove to be, will not be the tyranny that its opponents anticipate; but, *pace* Mr. Bellamy, it may be hoped that in a socialised community there will be *no* authors, successful or the contrary, who would desire to be put on a different footing to their fellows. For literature (here I refer to *belles lettres* and the ornamental departments of writing) is not, and never can be, "work" in the ordinary sense of the term, nor can it be made a fair equivalent for such work; and though it may be desirable in special cases, and

for stated periods, that certain students, as, for instance, the historian or biographer, should be exempt from other duties, it will be found that in the mass, and in the long run, literature itself degenerates when its professors avail themselves permanently of any such immunity. "Can there be any greater reproach," says Thoreau, "than an idle learning? Learn to split wood at least. Steady labour with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style, both of speaking and writing."

Still more difficult would it be, let us hope, for a special class of professional critics to exist under a Socialist *régime;* it is hardly conceivable that such a class would *care* to exist in a society where any amount of healthy, useful work was to be had for the asking. That there will be abundance of free and fearless criticism when every work can be judged on its own merits, and there are no "prudential considerations" to make cowards of us all, is not to be doubted; but it seems improbable in the highest degree that individual men of letters will then be so infatuated as to suppose that their personal judgment can be worth giving to the world systematically and periodically, on any and every literary topic.

But here it will be objected that "pure literature," being the very flower and consummate expression of thought, must not be thus lightly subjected to the risks consequent on a rough equalisation of civic duties, but must rather be fostered and safeguarded with all possible care; the condition of the people is no doubt the most momentous subject for politician and sociologist, but the interests of "pure literature" are of a still higher and more lasting importance. To which it may fairly be answered that to neglect the material well-being of society, out of a sentimental reverence for an art which is ultimately dependent on that well-being, is to repeat the error of the old woman in the fable, who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Pure literature, invaluable treasure though it is, becomes a mockery and a sham, if once men recognise that it is the voice of class supremacy and not of a nation's life, even as at the present time we are more and more recognising that much of our so-called "culture" is based on a hideous substructure of degradation and suffering. A refinement which can ignore the misery

around it, or even batten on that misery, is no refinement at all. Our *literæ humaniores* are not humane, and not being humane they are soon found to be illiterate ; so that there is real truth in the caustic remark of the satirist Peacock, that " great indeed must be the zeal for improvement, which an academical education cannot extinguish." Learned professors and busy scientists may shut their eyes to the facts which have made Socialism a necessity, and may elect to play the part of accomplished ostriches in a barren literary wilderness ; but the facts are none the less obvious to those who face them. If literature in the future is to be something more than a sickly hothouse exotic, it must draw its sustenance from the subsoil of a just and humanely organised community—which is Socialism.

Equally striking is the contrast between the actual and the possible state of letters when regarded from a purely economic standpoint. At present there is an immense competitive system of production for private interests ; books are largely written, printed, and published, not because they contain matter of real value, but because a profit is expected to result from them, which profit usually goes to parties whose share in the work is not literary but commercial. In each grade of the process the same sordid conditions are observable. The publisher too often sweats the author ; the author sweats the copyist or literary hack ; the printer sweats the printer's devil : then, in many cases, a false market is manufactured by log-rolling, puffing advertisements, and the various devices of the middleman—and lo ! another worthless book has been foisted on the reading public, who, in the confusion thus generated, are naturally rendered more and more incapable of forming a sound and reliable judgment. Thus it is that the whole canon of taste is in great measure distorted, and productions of monumental dulness are artificially exalted into " standard works." " It is among the standing hypocrisies of the world," says De Quincey, in reference to an instance of the kind, " that most people affect a reverence for this book, which nobody reads."

It is pitiable to think of the amount of human labour, mental and physical, that is thus wasted in the production of worthless volumes. An author who has no manner of business to be an

author at all writes, let us say, a bad novel, and forthwith gives employment (perhaps with a proud consciousness of stimulating trade) to a number of other persons, publishers, printers, reviewers, and others, who, like himself, would be quite capable, in a rationally ordered society, of performing some useful part. Obviously, under a Socialist system all this would be amended, there would be no unworthy inducements to do bad work in one direction when one could do good work in another, and private extravagance would give way to considerations of public economy. *Editions de luxe* would no longer be issued to mark the crowning degradation of letters ; for who would care to waste his substance upon nonsense bound in vellum, when he could buy good literature in cheap and serviceable form ? And, finally, the State, which at present spends so much on military armaments that it is compelled to plead its poverty whenever literature asks for a share, would be able, out of its abundant treasury, to endow a handsome library in every town and village, and to do more for the encouragement of national culture in a single year than can be done in half a century of our haphazard, suicidal individualism.

From whatever point of view one looks at this question, it is difficult to resist the conviction that the true lover of literature has nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, everything to hope, from Socialism. The author of *Looking Backward* is of opinion that the adoption of a Socialist system would be followed by a revival of letters even greater than the Renaissance—"an era of mechanical invention, scientific discovery, art, musical and literary productiveness, to which no previous age of the world offers anything comparable." Whether this be probable or not, we may at least feel assured that it will be an age of genuine, and not artificially stimulated, production ; that there will be an immense improvement in the quality of the books produced, in proportion to their quantity ; that there will be no Grub-street to send out bad work on the one side, and no Belgravia on the other ; and that the whole of our literature will be informed by a hopeful and helpful spirit of belief in human comradeship, in place of the present pessimistic tone of cynical dilettanteism.

Nor is there any reason to doubt, in view of the impending social

struggle, that the sympathies of the literary class, even as now constituted, will be in the main with the workers; for, as has been well remarked, "literary men in all ages have been the organs of the *sapienza volgare* or general sentiment of the people."* The literary man is the client of Dives, and an excessive consideration for his patron's susceptibilities, and sometimes for his own comfort, has enfeebled the vigour of his thought and dulled the incisiveness of his pen; but he, too, has not seldom known what it is to suffer, and his heart has all along been with his brother Lazarus at the gate. It is now over a century since literature emancipated itself from the thraldom of the individual aristocrat—is it not time that it were also rid of the plutocratic ascendency? Socialism, while removing the *raison d'être* for a special class of authors, will simultaneously remove the cause of their economic subservience; they will doff their livery as a sect to find their true distinction as a power. Is not this a benefit which should conciliate the literary man? Or is he so enamoured of the present status of his profession as to be inflexibly bent on the perpetuation of the same system for his successors, like Sydney Smith's country gentleman, who, having wasted his own youth in fruitless classical instruction, is resolved that he shall not be the last of a long line of victims?—"Aye, aye, it's all mighty well—but I went through this myself, and I am determined my children shall do the same."

Unless the signs of the times are wholly deceptive, literature, like every other expression of thought, is now approaching a new and critical phase of its development. The existing forms of literary workmanship have been carried, in the hands of a few great masters, to the *ne plus ultra* of technical excellence, and it seems improbable that any further progress will be made on the old lines: a fresh impetus is needed, and this can only be supplied by a new ideal. Whence will this new ideal be forthcoming? Assuredly not from that withered, wrinkled, unlovely creed of pitiless competition which has long made a national literature as impossible as a national art. Not from that so-called "individualism" which has stultified itself by banishing true individuality from the monotonous

* *North British Review*, February, 1851.

death-in-life of the masses. Not from that precious "freedom of contract" which is so mysteriously allied with the worst form of class-slavery. Not from the "gentility" which abnegates gentleness; nor the "independence" which lives on sweated labour; nor the "respectability" which is everywhere ceasing to be respected; nor the beauty-worship which ignores the hideous moral deformities of modern life. There is but one source from which there is the slightest possibility of the new ideal uprising, and that is the growing sense of the universal brotherhood and equality of man. This equality, I need scarcely state, is not the uppish, priggish attempt to be level with one's intellectual superiors, which is periodically deprecated by certain learned professors, who are so steeped in the atmosphere of competition that even their concept of equality is tinged by it; but simply the recognition of the fact that all human beings hold their lives by the same tenure, and that no individual can find true happiness who in his inmost heart can conceive of himself as better or more deserving than the meanest of his fellows. This is the equality that has been the theme and the inspiration of the true prophets of English democracy—of Burns, Shelley, William Morris, Walt Whitman, and Edward Carpenter. "If I am not level with the lowest," says the last named writer, "I am nothing; and if I did not know for a certainty that the craziest sot in the village is my equal, and were not proud to have him walk with me as my friend, I would not write another word—for in this is my strength."

If anything can put new life into the culture which at present faints and flags under its half-consciousness of the inhuman and sordid conditions of its social environment, it will be this ideal of equality. The literature that will result from the cheering sense of world-wide solidarity and fellowship will be tenfold saner than that which is now supported (I will not say inspired) by the craving for personal distinction or the necessity of somehow earning a living among a host of hungry competitors; furthermore, it will be based on the rock of actuality and self-knowledge, instead of on the shifting sands of a fastidious and sentimental "refinement." Concurrently with this progress, the general conception of the duties and privileges of authorship will be ennobled and elevated. "The

Idea of the Author," said Fichte,* "is almost unknown in our age, and something most unworthy usurps its name. This is the peculiar disgrace of the age—the true source of all its other scientific evils. The inglorious has become glorious, and is encouraged, honoured, and rewarded. According to the almost universally received opinion, it is a merit and an honour for a man to have printed something merely because he has printed it, and without any regard to what it is which he has printed and what may be its result. They, too, lay claim to the highest rank in the republic of letters who announce the fact that somebody has printed something, and what that something is; or, as the phrase goes, who *review* the work of others. It is almost inexplicable how such an absurd opinion could have arisen."

Inexplicable indeed—except through the revelation which later years have afforded us of the odd results of an over-dose of that perilous specific, commercial individualism! The literature of the Socialised community of the future will surpass that of the present era of unlimited competition by so much as union is stronger than discord, love nobler than hate, and the natural sense of perfect equality with one's fellow creatures a truer and more vital wisdom than the academic culture of oneself.

H. S. SALT.

* *The Nature of the Scholar.* Translated by Wm. Smith.

FURTHER NEWLY DISCOVERED PAPERS BY DE QUINCEY.

I.—ON MIRACLES.

WHAT else is the laying of such a stress on miracles but the case of "a wicked and adulterous generation asking a sign"?

But what are these miracles for? To prove a legislation from God. But, first, this could not be proved, even if miracle-working were the test of Divine mission, by doing miracles until we knew whether the power were genuine; *i.e.*, not, like the magicians of Pharaoh or the witch of Endor, from below. Secondly, you are a poor, pitiful creature, that think the power to do miracles, or power of any kind that can exhibit itself in an act, the note of a god-like commission. Better is one ray of truth (not seen previously by man), of *moral* truth, *e.g.*, forgiveness of enemies, than all the powers which could create the world.

"Oh yes!" says the objector; "but Christ was holy as a man." This we know first; then we judge by His power that He must have been from God. But if it were doubtful whether His power were from God then, until this doubt is *otherwise*, is independently removed, you cannot decide if He *was* holy by a test of holiness absolutely irrelevant. With other holiness—apparent holiness—a simulation might be combined. You can never tell that a man is holy; and for the plain reason that God only can read the heart.

"Let Him come down from the cross, and we," &c. Yes; they fancied so. But see what would really have followed. They would have been stunned and confounded for the moment, but not at all converted in heart. Their hatred to Christ was not built on their

unbelief, but their unbelief in Christ was built on their hatred; and this hatred would not have been mitigated by another (however astounding) miracle. This I wrote (Monday morning, June 7th, 1847) in reference to my saying on the general question of miracles: Why these *dubious* miracles?—such as curing blindness that may have been cured by a *process?*—since the *unity* given to the act of healing is probably (more probably than otherwise) but the figurative unity of the tendency to *mythus;* or else it is that unity misapprehended and mistranslated by the reporters. Such, again, as the miracles of the loaves—so liable to be utterly gossip, so incapable of being watched or examined amongst a crowd of 7,000 people. Besides, were these people mad? The very fact which is said to have drawn Christ's pity, viz., their situation in the desert, surely could not have escaped their own attention on going thither. Think of 7,000 people rushing to a sort of destruction; for if less than that the mere inconvenience was not worthy of Divine attention. Now, said I, why not give us (if miracles *are* required) one that nobody could doubt—removing a mountain, *e.g.?* Yes; but here the other party begin to *see* the evil of miracles. Oh, this would have *coerced* people into believing! Rest you safe as to that. It would have been no believing in any proper sense: it would, at the utmost—and supposing no vital demur to popular miracle—have led people into that belief which Christ Himself describes (and regrets) as calling Him Lord! Lord! The pretended belief would have left them just where they were as to any real belief in Christ. Previously, however, or over and above all this, there would be the demur (let the miracle have been what it might) of, By what power, by whose agency or help? For if Christ does a miracle, probably He may do it by alliance with some *Z* standing behind, out of sight. Or if by His own skill, how or whence derived, or of what nature? This obstinately recurrent question remains.

There is not the meanest court in Christendom or Islam that would not say, if called on to adjudicate the rights of an estate on such evidence as the mere facts of the Gospel: "O good God, how can we do this? Which of us knows who this Matthew was—whether he ever lived, or, if so, whether he ever wrote a line of all this? or, if he did, how situated as to motives, as to means of

information, as to judgment and discrimination? Who knows anything of the contrivances or the various personal interests in which the whole narrative originated, or when? All is dark and dusty." Nothing in such a case *can* be proved but what shines by its own light. Nay, God Himself could not attest a miracle, but (listen to this!)—but by the internal revelation or visiting of the Spirit—to evade which, to dispense with which, a miracle is ever resorted to.

Besides the objection to miracles that they are not capable of attestation, Hume's objection is not that they are false, but that they are incommunicable. Two different duties arise for the man who witnesses a miracle and for him who receives it traditionally. The duty of the first is to confide in his own experience, which may, besides, have been repeated; of the second, to confide in his understanding, which says: "Less marvel that the reporter should have erred than that nature should have been violated."

How clearly do these people betray their own hypocrisy about the divinity of Christianity, and at the same time the meanness of their own natures, who think the Messiah, or God's Messenger, must first prove His own commission by an act of power; whereas (1) a new revelation of moral forces could not be invented by all generations, and (2) an act of power much more probably argues an alliance with the devil. I should gloomily suspect a man who came forward as a magician.

Suppose the Gospels written thirty years after the events, and by ignorant, superstitious men who have adopted the fables that old women had surrounded Christ with—how does this supposition vitiate the report of Christ's parables? But, on the other hand, they could no more have invented the parables than a man alleging a diamond-mine could invent a diamond as attestation. The parables prove themselves.

II.—WHY THE PAGANS COULD NOT INVEST THEIR GODS WITH ANY IOTA OF GRANDEUR.

IT is not for us so idle a purpose as that of showing the Pagan backsliding—that is too evident—but for a far subtler purpose, and one which no man has touched, viz., the incapacity of creating grandeur for the Pagans, even with *carte blanche* in their favour, that I write this paper. Nothing is more incomprehensible than the following fact—nothing than this when mastered and understood is more thoroughly instructive—the fact that having a wide, a limitless field open before them, free to give and to take away at their own pleasure, the Pagans could not invest their Gods with any iota of grandeur. Diana, when you translate her into the Moon, then indeed partakes in all the *natural* grandeur of a planet, associated with a dreamy light, with forests, forest lawns, &c., or the wild accidents of a Huntress. But the Moon and the Huntress are surely not the creations of Pagans, nor indebted to them for anything but the murderous depluming which Pagan mythology has operated upon all that is in earth or in the waters that are under the earth. Now, why could not the ancients raise one little scintillating glory in behalf of their monstrous deities? So far from raising a glory round Jupiter—he is sometimes made the ground of nature (not, observe, for any positive reason that they had for any relation that Jupiter had to creation, but simply for the negative reason that they had nobody else)—never does Jupiter seem more disgusting than when as just now in a translation of the Batrachia I read that Jupiter had given to frogs an amphibious nature, making the awful, ancient, first-born secrets of chaos to be his, and thus forcing into contrast and remembrance his odious personality.

Why, why, why could not the Romans, &c., make a grandeur for their gods? Not being able to make them grand, they daubed them with finery. All that people imagine in the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias—they themselves confer. But an apostle is beyond their reach. When, be it well observed, the cruel and dark religions are far more successful than those of Greece and Rome, for Osiris, &c., by the might of the devil, of darkness, are truly terrific. Cybele

stands as a middle term halfway between these dark forms and the Greek or Roman. Pluto is the very model of a puny attempt at darkness utterly failing. He looks big; he paints himself histrionically; he soots his face; he has a masterful dog, nothing half so fearful as a wolf-dog or bloodhound; and he raises his own *manes*, poor, stridulous Struldbrugs.

Vainly did the ancient Pagans fight against this fatal weakness. They may confer upon their Gods glittering titles of "ambrosial," "immortal"; but the human mind is careless of positive assertion and of clamorous iteration in however angry a tone, when silently it observes stealing out of facts already conceded some fatal consequence at war with all these empty pretensions—mortal even in *the virtual* conceptions of the Pagans. If the Pagan Gods were really immortal, if essentially they repelled the touch of mortality, and not through the adulatory homage of their worshippers causing their true aspects to unsettle or altogether to disappear in clouds of incense, then how came whole dynasties of Gods to pass away, and no man could tell whither? If really they defied the grave, then how was it that age and the infirmities of age passed upon them like the shadow of eclipse upon the golden faces of the planets? If Apollo were a beardless young man, his father was not such—*he* was in the vigour of maturity; maturity is a flattering term for expressing it, but it means *past youth*—and his grandfather was superannuated. But even this grandfather, who *had* been once what Apollo was now, could not pretend to more than a transitory station in the long succession of Gods. Other dynasties, known even to man, there had been before his, and elder dynasties before *that*, of whom only rumours and suspicions survived. Even this taint, however, this *direct* access of mortality, was less shocking to my mind in after years than the abominable fact of its reflex or indirect access in the shape of grief for others who had died. I need not multiply instances; they are without end. The reader has but to throw his memory back upon the anguish of Jupiter, in the *Iliad*, for the approaching death of his son, Sarpedon, and his vain struggles to deliver himself from this ghastly net; or upon Thetis fighting against the vision of her matchless Pelides caught in the same vortex; or upon the Muse in Euripides, hovering in the air

and wailing over her young Rhesus, her brave, her beautiful one, of whom she trusted that he had been destined to confound the Grecian host. What! a God, and liable to the pollution of grief! A Goddess, and standing every hour within the peril of that dismal shadow!

Here in one moment mark the recoil, the intolerable recoil, upon the Pagan mind, of that sting which vainly they pretended to have conquered on behalf of their Pantheon. Did the reader fancy that I was fatiguing myself with any task so superfluous as that of proving the Gods of the heathen to be no Gods? In that case he has not understood me. My object is to show that the ancients, that even the Greeks, could not support the idea of immortality. The idea crumbled to pieces under their touch. In realising that idea unconsciously, they suffered elements to slip in which defeated its very essence in the result; and not by accident: other elements they could not have found. Doubtless an insolent Grecian philosopher would say, "Surely, I knew that immortality meant the being liberated from mortality." Yes, but this is no more than the negative idea, and the demand is to give the affirmative idea. Or perhaps I shall better explain my meaning by substituting other terms with my own illustration of their value. I say, then, that the Greek idea of immortality involves only the nominal idea, not the real idea. Now, the nominal idea (or, which is the same thing, the nominal definition) is that which simply sketches the outline of an object in the shape of a problem; whereas the real definition fills up that outline and solves that problem. The nominal definition states the conditions under which an object would be realised for the mind; the real definition executes those conditions. The nominal definition, that I may express it most briefly and pointedly, puts a *question;* the real definition *answers* that question. Thus, to give our illustration, the insoluble problem of squaring the circle presents us with a good nominal idea. There is no vagueness at all in the idea of such a square; it is that square which, when a given circle is laid before you, would present the same superficial contents in such exquisite truth of repetition that the eye of God could detect no shadow of more or of less. Nothing can be plainer than the demand—than the question. But as to the

answer, as to the *real* conditions under which this demand can be realised, all the wit of man has not been able to do more than approach it. Or, again, the idea of a *perfect commonwealth*, clear enough as a nominal idea, is in its infancy as a real idea. Or, perhaps, a still more lively illustration to some readers may be the idea of *perpetual motion*. Nominally—that is, as an idea sketched problem-wise—what is plainer? You are required to assign some principle of motion such that it shall revolve through the parts of a mechanism self-sustained. Suppose those parts to be called by the names of our English alphabet, and to stand in the order of our alphabet, then A is, through B, C, D, &c., to pass down with its total power upon Z, which reciprocally is to come round undiminished upon A, B, C, &c., for ever. Never was a *nominal* definition of what you want more simple and luminous. But coming to the *real* definition, and finding that every letter in succession must still give something less than is received—that O, for instance, cannot give to P all which it received from N—then no matter for the triviality of the loss in each separate case, always it is gathering and accumulating; your hands drop down in despair; you feel that a principle of death pervades the machinery; retard it you may, but come it will at last. And a proof remains behind, as your only result, that whilst the nominal definition may sometimes run before the real definition for ages, and yet finally be overtaken by it, in other cases the one flies hopelessly before the persuit of the other, defies it, and never *will* be overtaken to the end of time.

That fate, that necessity, besieged the Grecian idea of immortality. Rise from forgotten dust, my Plato; Stagyrite, stand up from the grave; Anaxagoras, with thy bright, cloudless intellect that searched the skies; Heraclitus, with thy gloomy, mysterious intellect that fathomed the deeps, come forward and execute for me this demand. How shall that immortality, which you give, which you *must* give as a trophy of honour to your Pantheon, sustain itself against the blights from those humanities which also, by an equal necessity, starting from your basis, give you must to that Pantheon? How will you prevent the sad reflux of that tide which finally engulfs all things under any attempt to execute the nominal idea of a deity? You cannot do it. Weave your divinities

in that Grecian loom of yours, and no skill in the workmanship, nor care that wisdom can devise, will ever cure the fatal flaws in the texture: for the mortal taint lies not so much in your work as in the original errors of your loom.

III.—GREAT FORGERS: CHATTERTON AND WALPOLE, AND "JUNIUS."

I HAVE ever been disposed to regard as the most venial of deceptions such impositions as Chatterton had practised on the public credulity. Whom did he deceive? Nobody but those who well deserved to be deceived, viz., shallow antiquaries, who pretended to a sort of knowledge which they had not so much as tasted. And it always struck me as a judicial infatuation in Horace Walpole, that he, who had so brutally pronounced the death of this marvellous boy to be a matter of little consequence, since otherwise he would have come to be hanged for forgery, should himself, not as a boy under eighteen (and I think under seventeen at the first issuing of the Rowley fraud), slaving for a few guineas that he might procure the simplest food for himself, and then buy presents for the dear mother and sister whom he had left in Bristol, but as an elderly man, with a clear six thousand per annum,* commit a far more deliberate and audacious forgery than that imputed (if even accurately imputed) to Chatterton. I know of no published document, or none published under Chatterton's sanction, in which he formally *declared* the Rowley poems to have been the compositions of a priest living in the days of Henry IV., viz., in or about the year 1400. Undoubtedly he suffered people to understand that he had found MSS. of that period in the tower of St. Mary Redcliff at Bristol, which he really *had* done; and whether he simply tolerated them in running off with the idea that these particular poems, written on *discoloured* parchments by way of colouring the hoax, were amongst the St. Mary treasures, or posi-

* "Six thousand per annum," viz., on the authority of his own confession to Pinkerton.

tively *said so*, in either view, considering the circumstances of the case, no man of kind feelings will much condemn him.

But Horace Walpole roundly and audaciously affirmed in the first sentence of his preface to the poor romance of *Otranto*, that it had been translated from the Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, and that the MS. was still preserved in the library of an English Catholic family; circumstantiating his needless falsehood by other most superfluous details. *Needless*, I say, because a book with the Walpole name on the title-page was as sure of selling as one with Chatterton's obscure name was at that time sure of *not* selling. Possibly Horace Walpole did not care about selling, but wished to measure his own intrinsic power as a novelist, for which purpose it was a better course to preserve his *incognito*. But this he might have preserved without telling a circumstantial falsehood. Whereas Chatterton knew that his only chance of emerging from the obscure station of a grave-digger's son, and carrying into comfort the dear female relatives that had half-starved themselves for *him* (I speak of things which have since come to my knowledge thirty-five years after Chatterton and his woes had been buried in a pauper's coffin), lay in bribing public attention by some *extrinsic* attraction. Macpherson had recently engaged the public gaze by his "Ossian"—an abortion fathered upon the fourth century after Christ. What so natural as to attempt other abortions—ideas and refinements of the eighteenth century—referring themselves to the fifteenth? Had this harmless hoax succeeded, he would have delivered those from poverty who delivered *him* from ignorance; he would have raised those from the dust who raised *him* to an aereal height—yes, to a height from which (but it was after his death), like *Ate* or *Eris*, come to cause another Trojan war, he threw down an apple of discord amongst the leading scholars of England, and seemed to say: "There, Dean of Exeter! there, Laureate! there, Tyrwhitt, my man! Me you have murdered amongst you. Now fight to death for the boy that living you would not have hired as a shoeblack. My blood be upon you!" Rise up, martyred blood! rise to Heaven for a testimony against these men and this generation, or else burrow in the earth, and from that spring up like the stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha into harvests of feud, into

armies of self-exterminating foes. Poor child! immortal child! Slight were thy trespasses on this earth, heavy was thy punishment, and it is to be hoped, nay, it is certain, that this disproportion did not escape the eye which, in the algebra of human actions, estimates *both* sides of the equation.

Lord Byron was of opinion that people abused Horace Walpole for several sinister reasons, of which the first is represented to be that he was a gentleman. Now, I, on the contrary, am of opinion that he was *not* always a gentleman, as particularly in his correspondence with Chatterton. On the other hand, it is but just to recollect that in retaining Chatterton's MSS. (otherwise an unfeeling act, yet chiefly imputable to indolence), the worst aggravation of the case under the poor boy's construction, viz., that if Walpole had not known his low rank "he would not have dared to treat him in that way," though a very natural feeling, was really an unfounded one. Horace Walpole (I call him so, because he was not *then* Lord Orford) certainly had not been aware that Chatterton was other than a gentleman by birth and station. The natural dignity of the boy, which had not condescended to any degrading applications, misled this practised man of the world. But recurring to Lord Byron's insinuations as to a systematic design of running Lord Orford down, I beg to say that I am no party to any such design. It is not likely that a furious Conservative like myself, who have the misfortune also to be the most bigoted of Tories, would be so. I disclaim all participation in any clamour against Lord Orford which may have arisen on democratic feeling. Feeling the profoundest pity for the "marvellous boy" of Bristol, and even love, if it be possible to feel love for one who was in his unhonoured grave before I was born, I resent the conduct of Lord Orford, in this one instance, as universally the English public has resented it. But generally, as a writer, I admire Lord Orford in a very high degree. As a letter-writer, and as a brilliant sketcher of social aspects and situations, he is far superior to any French author who could possibly be named as a competitor. And as a writer of personal or anecdotic history, let the reader turn to Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*, in order to appreciate his extraordinary merit.

Next will occur to the reader the forgery of "Junius." Who did *that?* Oh, villains that have ever doubted since *Junius Identified!* Oh, scamps—oh, pitiful scamps! You, reader, perhaps belong to this wretched corps. But, if so, understand that you belong to it under false information. I have heard myriads talk upon this subject. One man said to me, "My dear friend, I sympathise with your fury. You are right. Righter a man cannot be. Rightest of all men you are." I was right—righter—rightest! That had happened to few men. But again this flattering man went on, "Yes, my excellent friend, right you are, and evidently Sir Philip Francis was the man. His backer proved it. The day after his book appeared, if any man had offered me exactly two thousand to one in guineas, that Sir Philip was *not* the man, by Jupiter! I would have declined the bet. So divine, so exquisite, so Grecian in its perfection, was the demonstration, the *apodeixis* (or what do you call it in Greek?), that this brilliant Sir Philip—who, by the way, wore *his* order of the Bath as universally as ever he taxed Sir William Draper with doing—had been the author of 'Junius.' But here lay the perplexity of the matter. At the least five-and-twenty excellent men proved by posthumous friends that they, every mother's son of them, had also perpetrated 'Junius.'" "Then they were liars," I answered. "Oh no, my right friend," he interrupted, "not liars at all; amiable men, some of whom confessed on their deathbeds (three to my certain knowledge) that, alas! they had erred against the law of charity. '*But how?*' said the clergyman. 'Why, by that infernal magazine of sneers and all uncharitableness, the "Letters of Junius."' 'Let me understand you,' said the clergyman: 'you wrote "Junius"?' 'Alas! I did,' replied A. Two years after another clergyman said to another penitent, 'And so you wrote "Junius"?' 'Too true, my dear sir. Alas! I did,' replied B. One year later a third penitent was going off, and upon the clergyman saying, 'Bless me, is it possible? Did *you* write "Junius"?' he replied, 'Ah, worshipful sir, you touch a painful chord in my remembrances—I now wish I had not. Alas! reverend sir, I did.' Now, you see," went on my friend, "so many men at the New Drop, as you may say, having with tears and groans taxed themselves with 'Junius' as the climax of their offences, one begins

to think that perhaps *all* men wrote 'Junius.'" Well, so far there was reason. But when my friend contended also that the proofs arrayed in pamphlets proved the whole alphabet to have written "Junius," I could not stand his absurdities. Deathbed confessions, I admitted, were strong. But as to these wretched pamphlets, some time or other I will muster them all for a field-day; I will brigade them, as if the general of the district were coming to review them; and then, if I do not mow them down to the last man by opening a treacherous battery of grapeshot, may all my household die under a fiercer "Junius"! The true reasons why any man fancies that "Junius" is an open question must be these three:

First, that they have never read the proofs arrayed against Sir Philip Francis; this is the general case.

Secondly, that, according to Sancho's proverb, they want better bread than is made of wheat. They are not content with proofs or absolute demonstrations. They require you, like the witch of Endor, to raise Sir Philip from the grave, that they may cross-examine him.

Thirdly (and this is the fault of the able writer who unmasked Sir Philip), there happened to be the strongest argument that ever picked a Bramah-lock against the unknown writer of "Junius" apply this, and if it fits the wards, oh Gemini! my dear friend, but you are right—righter—rightest; you have caught "Junius" in a rabbit-snare.

THE REVOLT OF LABOUR.

THE disturbances and disruptions in the political world have an extraordinary importance for those whose business it is to prepare for the next general election. Up to the time when Mr. Parnell's manifesto appeared, the course for either side seemed to have been definitely marked out. "Home Rule!" was to be the battle-cry on the one hand; on the other, "No Dismemberment of the Empire!" It must have been understood that the issue of the conflict would be determined in England, where the returns were far more doubtful than in Scotland or Wales; and yet the party managers on neither side seemed to suspect that the fight might be fought on other grounds than that which they had chosen. The Gladstonian leaders would not see that while the mass of their English supporters had never much interest, because never much belief, in the political woes of Ireland, they had tired of hearing of those woes and had discovered others of their own. On the Conservative side the party officials did not appear to understand that Socialist Radicalism was preparing for them some questions that would swallow up Home Rule in due time; nor did they seem conscious that their followers were even more sick than their foes of an Irish question which would have gone to rest long ago but for the stirrings and strivings of rival politicians. To be sure, the Eccles election did bring some awakening to the commissioned party-men who are to direct the field in the next great electoral contest. It is at the polls that these gentlemen seek information of what the public mind is most concerned with, and the Eccles election enlightened them by the only evidence—except mob-parade—that ever seems to strike upon

their vision. Then it became more clearly understood that there is a newer thing than Home Rule; that the Radical Socialist doctrine has seized upon the hopes and the imagination of the multitude, and that before long they might have to adjust their electioneering tactics to the discovery.

At that time, however, the general election looked a long way off—two years, perhaps; while in two months, in two days if need be, sufficient stove-heat can be got up to ripen an entirely new crop of party principles. Then, all on a sudden, the Gladstone-Parnell explosion; of which it is enough for my present purpose to say that it has produced these results amongst others: In what it has revealed it has yet more disgusted Englishmen with Home Rule as the grand question of the day; the distractions it has brought upon the Gladstone-Parnellite alliance strongly invite the Government to dissolve Parliament before the humiliating confusion of their foes can be healed; and the utter discredit into which Home Rule has fallen suggests to both parties that those candidates are most likely to win in England who turn from the subject, and take up others in which Englishmen are more nearly and deeply concerned. In other words, both parties will be driven to readjust their electioneering tactics sooner than they expected.

In doing so, they will probably begin by asking themselves a question which both would prefer to answer in the negative. The heavings of popular discontent which we see about us in so many directions, are they likely to continue? Is the importunity of which they are a sign likely to increase? That it is widespread we know, for it extends to every quarter of the civilised world; but may it not be a temporary movement amongst our own sober, orderly, and sensible people? These are grave questions, considering how much depends upon the accurate Yes or No. Upon party leadership they press for an answer that must be acted on at no distant time; and the consequences may be serious if party leadership on either side fails to come to right conclusions. This will appear when we consider that if the so-called Revolt of Labour is taken for a passing agitation, the party directorates may be more inclined to humour it and profit by it than if it were seen to be a revolt indeed, and therefore not to be trifled with for mere election purposes.

It may be of some service, then, to inquire whether it is safe to regard the "revolt of labour" as a passing agitation or whether it is not something more. Evidently, it is a question upon which much might be said. What I should be inclined to say is, that whatever shape the "revolt" may take, or whatever may prove to to be its course and history, it does not promise to be a temporary movement. It would have that appearance much more if it arose in a time of industrial disappointment and distress, like that which ensued upon a long period of roaring trade and rising wages in 1874. But this is no such time. Too much poverty there is, yet nearly all trades are well employed, wages are better than they were in times of less complaint, there is more of leisure with good wages, and the supplies of the workman's home are cheapening daily. Since, however, nobody asserts that a sharper pinch of poverty has brought on the "revolt of labour"—since, indeed, its own preachers explain and justify the revolt by a different kind of provocation altogether—we need not dwell upon that point; only it should be observed that when we dismiss it we destroy what is probably the only reasonable ground of belief that our labour disturbances are of a merely temporary character. If these times were "bad times," that belief might be confidently held even though the spokesmen of the movement do proclaim that nothing less than a complete social revolution is intended; for we know how ready these gentlemen are to interpret every motion of popular uneasiness into a sign that the day of wrath, *their* day of wrath, is at hand. We might then say that with the return of good times the social disintegrator would find his working-men friends too busy to attend to him. But as it is, exceptional poverty gives no ground for thinking that the present agitation is like others that have come and gone with periods of commercial distress. Therefore it may be more persistent and more lasting; and if what I am about to suggest be true, it is impossible to conceive a stronger reason for concluding that the "revolt of labour" will continue and increase.

What if it proceeds, not from a deepening distress and a more irritating sense of helplessness amongst the poor, but from the opposites of those provocations? Most men who give their minds

to public affairs must be conscious that that really is the case; as many of them, I mean, as look beneath the uppermost questions of the day. But there are some things that we like not to see, and what we like not to see we are reluctant to bring into the light. Nothing, therefore, has yet been heard of the extreme probability that we are now about to witness the full consequences of fifty years of mighty change in every direction, all tending to good, or nearly all, and all a matter of general rejoicing. The full effects of fifty years of benevolent legislation, combined with the political consequences of a vast and sudden advance in whatever is most serviceable to commerce, industry, art, thought, are now about to be displayed for the first time. The change that has been made within the last two generations in every field of human aptitude and endeavour—everything on which the thought, the invention, the speculation, the hopes of mankind are employed, is prodigious; and now we are presented with the question whether not one but all of these changes—such as increased facility of communication, the cheapening of commodities, the diffusion of political power, the diminution of popular ignorance, the discoveries and the gifts of science, the purgation, limitation, or destruction of religious belief—have not been conspiring to produce a common result which few of them were supposed to attend to. For my part, it seems to me that they have. If we look into the matter we should find that discontent with the existing social order has either been fed, spread, armed, or organised by some one of the grand improvements and great reforms (it must not be imagined that I speak of them ironically) which have transformed the world within the last sixty years. And it further appears that to this result they have been secretly working in combination, while we were content to register the advance of each as an independent aid to human happiness, and therefore contributing to strengthen the foundations of established order.

It is always hazardous to venture observations of this kind, for they are easily misrepresented both in matter and spirit. The smartest criticism is that which travesties meaning most, and then traces it to some absurd belief or ridiculous sentiment; and it is the kind of criticism commonly employed when political differences

seem to be involved in the question. Smartness will feel itself called upon to exclaim at this point, "Here is a man—of course a Tory—who thinks it lamentable that the intercourse of men and nations should become more speedy and more free, food cheaper, luxuries more common, education more available, knowledge more complete and daring, than in the good old times of our grandfathers; and above all, no doubt, that so many Reform Bills should have abolished privilege and provided for political enfranchisement. He sees nothing in the prodigious benefits of the century's invention and enlightenment but an organised discontent of the masses, and therefore they make him miserable." (What easy work it is!) When Mr. Besant's Academy of Literature comes into existence, a law will be passed against such travesties and torturings of meaning; till then the only resource is to guard against them by prevision and protest. Therefore I protest that nobody is so foolish as to question the benefits of the century's invention, enlightenment, and liberality. But even while we banquet on the thought of these blessings, it can be asserted with truth that they have one and all combined to produce an unexpected result of great magnitude and doubtful promise.

That this is the case could easily be shown if we went in detail over the whole ground of modern change, scientific, industrial, educational, political. But it is not necessary to make so wide an excursion to illustrate my meaning, which will be doing enough.

When we speak of popular education, we speak of something that would lose more than half its value if it failed to arouse a rebellious loathing in the minds of the masses against the squalor in which they congregate. This, which is the first and most certain effect of popular education, is the one that educational reformers wish for most. Their hope of the results of popular education may be expressed in many ways, and it comprises many particulars; but this desire is always implied and never disappointed. Rebellion against abasement, emulation in the lowlier refinements of home life, the decencies elevated into sheer necessities of existence—this is the first best good that can come of "the education of the

masses," and while it is the most desirable consequence it is also the most certain.

But we should remark that it is the same thing as the creation of tastes; and that in creating tastes education multiplies absolute wants, the satisfaction of which remains to be provided for. These needs, however, are supplied in some degree by the industrial enterprise that cheapens luxuries and enlarges the wage of labour; thanks also to the mechanical invention of the age and the discoveries of chemical science. Here, then, we might come to a balance but for one thing: the disturbing element of "human nature." That being what it is, the luxuries of to-day are the merest necessaries of to-morrow. It would be all very well, perhaps, if an awakened craving for some share of the refinements of life never passed beyond a certain limit. But that is not the case. It is an appetite that grows with what it feeds on; and we are to remember that poverty is brought into closer view, day by day, of comforts unshared and the graces and delights of leisure. Therefore the craving extends, and still the creation of tastes multiplies absolute wants of which this is to be said: first, that they are not only acknowledged to be "legitimate," but in the highest degree beneficial to the whole community; and next, that the satisfaction of them remains to be provided for.

Now we come to the next point. We have seen that in establishing a beneficent scheme of popular education—a scheme by no means confined to the three R's, and immensely aided by another great engine of civilisation, a popular Press—Government has incidentally conferred on poor men a keener sense of privation, mental and material. But that is not all it has done. Incidentally again, progressive legislation of a different kind has brought another contribution to the grand result which seems now about to reveal itself in completion. In handing over to the masses full command of the political machine, the State has given to them a direct means of insisting on the trial of any scheme which they can be persuaded will help them to satisfy their legitimate, their honourable, their salutary desires. But what then? it will be asked. The masses are being taught other things besides a love of fresh linen, the moral influence as well as the general comfort of bright

homes, a neat table, books, pictures, music. Their better education, acting on their natural good sense, will restrain them from insisting on rash and violent experiments—such, for instance, as are manifestly opposed to the laws of political economy. This is the pedant's answer; satisfactory to himself, because he knows little or nothing of the sub-workings of cause and effect in the deep bulk of sentiment called the popular mind.

In truth, here comes in another of the triumphs of advancement, liberation, expansion, which distinguish the nineteenth century from most of its predecessors. This century has been remarkable for nothing more than the wholesale destruction of creeds and theories—the oldest, the newest, the most surely grounded on authority. Even the political economist himself has begun to admit that his adamantine laws are capable of liquefaction under influences that operate in a variety of unexpected ways, and that can neither be measured nor controlled. One thing is glaringly obvious, at any rate: the economic laws which are preached by the governing men of one nation are treated as figments by the governing men of others, who can pretend to quite as much knowledge and good sense. However, I do not speak of economy alone. What I would ask is, that with theories, systems, and beliefs going in every direction, who can wonder if the masses have become dubious of all authority, or if they are less inclined to heed the counsel which declares their own advancement at the cost of "the classes" a scientific mistake? Taught by the crashing of all sorts of creeds to believe in nothing, what particular inducement have they to believe in that? They have no such inducement; and their own teachers tell them that their determination to have more of this world's goods is sanctioned by a truer science as well as a loftier morality.

So we might go on to show that all the grand movements and discoveries of the time have contributed to swell, consolidate, and organise the Revolt of Labour. Here we have been travelling on only one line of observation; but thus far it appears that what has been equipped by Beneficent Legislation has been armed by Political Reform, and divested of scruple by the Intellectual Activity that fissures all belief—religious, moral, social, economical. Further in-

quiry reveals that Physical Science, and the Mechanical Invention to which we owe so much of our prodigious advancement in civilisation, have been quite as busily preparing the Revolt of Labour in concert with the rest of our advantages. They work with each other in a hundred ways, and so harmoniously that they might have been intended from the beginning to serve this one end; but if the railway, the steamship, the telegraph, the printing-press, did no more for the revolt than facilitate the intercommunication of sympathy and the massing of design, they would have helped it enormously. Without the facilities so supplied, Unionism would have been a weak and scattered force, and "the International" would never have been heard of.

Enough has been said by way of illustration, which we need not seek to exhaust To think of the matter for a little while is to find much to the same effect and nothing to the contrary; wherefore, it seems, we must come to the conclusion that the Radical Socialist movement is not a temporary one. A product of all the most powerful and benignant forces of the time, combined with some others which we call natural without being in the least degree proud of them, it is not likely to flag as long as these forces continue and increase; and we see that they are increasing year by year. Still the creation of want goes on; still the craving for a fuller enjoyment of the luxuries of life must extend; and still the means of striving for them by combined and organised endeavour will enlarge. Therefore it appears that the question which both the great parties in the State would prefer to answer negatively cannot be answered so. The heavings of popular discontent which we see about us in every direction *are* likely to continue. The importunity of which they are a sign will not only increase, but be heard almost alone before long. The workmen have no need to fight any longer for political power—this they have got. The only question for them is how to turn that power to account, and they seem to have decided it in a way that might have been anticipated. The use of their political power as a class is to improve their advantages as a class; and when they come to this conclusion we must not expect that they will readily abandon it.

But if so, what is the position of the party leaders on either side? Of course they see how matters stand. They must know what the future promises, and not a very distant future. What, then, do they take to be their rightful course? No considerable politician is ignorant that the discontent we have been discussing can never be satisfied by legislative means. Appeased for the moment, perhaps, the supposed remedy would soon supply matter for fresh exasperation—as an Eight Hours Act would, for example. Can either party, then, take up with the Radical Socialist movement? Is it possible that either of them will consent to do so for the sake of —what? A place of power and pay which can only be retained by repeated treachery to conscience, and that would be lost by any hesitation to continue the practice. It is easy to make half promises to the New Radicalism by trifling with Eight Hour projects and the like; but it is not as half promises that they are accepted. They pass as I.O.U.'s, to be dishonoured at peril; and yet the better men of both parties know that to redeem them would loosen the foundations that must needs underlie every "social fabric," and do so without any lasting profit to those who clamour for such experiments. What, then, should the more influential politicians on both sides do?

It seems to me that they are bound by every consideration of honour, wisdom, humanity—I would add "patriotism" if the word had not become ridiculous—to unite in telling the truth to Popular Discontent: the truth that the wrong way to satisfaction is to seek it by State interference with Liberty and Property. That wealth should bear the burden of State support—good; that one set of men should be forced by State machinery to divide their means with another set—wrong, and stupid wrong; that individual liberty to work and buy and sell should be controlled by State officials—fatuity to begin with, certain loss and confusion to end with. To its own knowledge, this is what the statesmanship of both parties should tell to Radical Socialism when it crowds to election meetings and asks for pledges. There should be enough agreement between them for a purpose which neither doubt to be essential to the good of the whole community; while, as for personal interests, let them agree openly in this matter, as they do upon the question of

Free Trade, and the only loss to either would be a dishonourable and perilous advantage. Authority still goes for something in this country, and nothing is more roundly applauded than a sturdy, outspoken honesty in matters of opinion. If the men whom both political parties are accustomed to listen to would tell them from opposite platforms how dangerous to freedom and prosperity it is to extend the functions of State control beyond certain limits, more than a great immediate purpose would be served. So delivered, the lesson would be taken to heart; no one can doubt it who is aware of the strong fund of common-sense there is to appeal to in addressing the artisan classes of Great Britain; and at the same time a broader view would be opened to platform controversialists, and something would be done to lift English politics from the degradation into which they are sinking on every side.

But, it may be asked, Do you forget that, according to your own judgment, there is no likelihood of arresting the Revolt of Labour without arresting modern Progress itself? I do not forget; but what then? It still remains the duty of statesmanship to declare its own limitations for any good or useful end. The revolters would be too long in finding out for themselves, perhaps, that there is a vast deal in the evolution of society which Governments cannot meddle with profitably and ought never to be allowed to touch. The more nearly their business is confined to securing a common liberty of action, within those rules of law which no man is ignorant of, for all the varying elements of society, the more surely a beneficent and orderly social development may be hoped for; or, if a crash must come, the less violent will it be and the easier reconstruction. Who at this moment fails to see that if Poverty has become more restless and aggressive, Wealth has become more restless too, but not in self-defence? We talk of the Revolt of Labour as if the only movement observable amongst those who have and those who have not is that which the Socialist leaders celebrate with the snorting of war-horses, snuffing the battle afar off. There is another quite as great, quite as deep, and as swiftly spreading. It is not a movement hostile to the revolt, but comes forward to meet it with a generous understanding of what poverty is, a good heart to

help it, and acknowledgment that kindness is no virtue but a common duty. I believe that for five hundred years before, there was no such advance in human kindness as there has been in England within the last two generations. Never has there been so sympathetic a desire to redress the miseries of the poor, or any such readiness to think of them as wrongs, as there is to-day; and unless all the signs of the times deceive us, it is a well-rooted and fast-growing sentiment. If so, then all the more safely may we leave the social question to work itself out within its own natural limits and through its own evolutionary processes.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

AT an International Congress of Experimental Psychologists held at Paris last year it was determined to undertake a statistical inquiry into the nature and frequency of such phenomena as apparitions, voices heard when no one has spoken, and touches felt when no one is near. Of course, all these experiences occur in some cases of illness, but they also occur occasionally to persons who show no sign of mental or physical disorder—unless the experience itself is arbitrarily assumed to be such a sign. It is with these latter phenomena, which may be described as "casual hallucinations of the senses occurring to sane persons" that the present inquiry is concerned. In England the conduct of the inquiry was undertaken by me, and in America by Professor William James, of Harvard University. It is carried on by papers, at the head of which stands the question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

The last sentence is intended to exclude, as far as possible, a class of experiences which are liable to be confounded with hallucinations; I mean illusions of the senses, in which the real perception of an external object is, by the unconscious action of the imagination, misinterpreted and metamorphosed into the apparent perception of something quite different. Thus, in a case that has been communicated to us, a real perception of a "small polished mahogany stand, with a vase on the top, a piece of paper hanging from the partly open door, and the white curtain of a window" was transformed in a dim light into an illusory perception of a "little old lady sitting with folded hands, holding a white pocket-handker-

chief." In such cases as this, when the illusion is dispelled, the real perception out of which it was formed becomes plain ; whereas the hallucinatory impressions to which our question relates leave behind no discoverable basis of external perception.

Copies of this question, on papers, of which each has space for answers from twenty-five persons, are entrusted to volunteer collectors, together with additional forms for entering the details of the experiences of those who answer "Yes." These collectors, when they have obtained the twenty-five answers, or as many of them as they can, return the forms to me.

A similar inquiry was conducted some years ago by the late Edmund Gurney, in connection with the work on *Phantasms of the Living*, in the composition of which he took the largest share ; but it was hoped that the increased appreciation of the importance of the subject would now enable us to make a much more extensive collection, and so to obtain more conclusive results. So far our expectations have scarcely been realised ; for, though we have got between six and seven thousand answers, our aim extends to fifty thousand. It is, therefore, in hopes of stirring up a wider interest in the inquiry, and inducing more people to become collectors, that I am now writing.

The inquiry will, I hope, yield various results of some value for psychologists ; but my own chief motive for undertaking it is a desire to investigate more methodically than has yet been done the causes of a peculiarly interesting class of hallucinations, viz., those that coincide with some external event so as to suggest strongly that they are causally connected with it in some as yet unknown way. The most familiar species of this class—though not by any means the only species—consists of the apparitions of dying persons occurring, simultaneously with the death, to relatives or friends at a distance. Such an apparition is, on the one hand, a clearly hallucinatory impression—the percipient apparently sees the clothed body of a human being occupying a portion of space which is, in fact, not so occupied ; at the same time it is, in a sense, a "veridical" or truth-telling impression, since it suggests that something remarkable is happening to the human being so seen, and it afterwards becomes known that something remarkable and

unexpected did in fact happen to him at the time. The question, then, is whether this coincidence is merely accidental, or whether it indicates that the external event and the apparition are really connected as cause and effect. It is impossible to answer this question conclusively by the most careful scrutiny of any particular case of a "coincidental" apparition; it can only be answered by means of a wide statistical inquiry, such as we have now in hand.

I will presently try to show exactly why this statistical labour is needed; but before doing this I will illustrate, by a few examples, the distinction just drawn between "veridical" or "coincidental" and "non-coincidental" or "purely subjective" hallucinations. It seems desirable to give examples of both classes; because, while many educated persons underrate the extent and importance of the former class, superstitious errors are undoubtedly liable to arise through misapprehension of the latter. I will give first a case of which the purely subjective origin can be clearly traced.

A lady writes:—

"On the evening of January 21st of this year, 1890, I had been reading aloud to a young friend Lord Tennyson's poem entitled 'Roa,' and the last word on which my eye rested ere closing the book was the name '*Rover*.' Please note this seemingly insignificant circumstance, for thereby hangs my tale. Soon after my young friend left, my mother was seized with a sudden spasm in the throat which greatly alarmed me and caused me to lie awake that night in a state of extreme nervous tension through anxiety on her behalf. While in this condition of mind, at about 2 a.m., I saw a diffused white light filling one side of the bedroom, which seemed to focus itself to a still brighter light that presently took the shape of the page of a book, which, by-and-bye, became crossed with dark lines that resolved themselves into printed letters. Fascinated at this unlooked-for occurrence, I thought to myself, if only I can read those letters I may discover something that may prove useful in the study of phantasmagorical appearances, so I directed my whole attention to the ghostly page of the book and read thereon '*Rover*.'

"As my mother's sudden attack had been the one subject that had been engrossing my thoughts up to that time, I could not at first imagine how I could have conjured up the ghost of a word so out of place and so unmeaning, till I remembered that it was the last word my eyes had rested on ere anxiety on my mother's account had blotted out every other subject from my mind, and had induced the morbid condition of nervous tension that gave rise to the vision."

As our correspondent remarks, had the word she saw been of more significance—had she, for instance, been reading the eighth chapter of Revelation and afterwards seen the word "woe," and had she lived in the Middle Ages, instead of being a matter-of-fact person living in the nineteenth century, she might easily have imagined herself a prophet, to whom a written scroll had been revealed direct from Heaven.

For those who are studying hallucinations this is an interesting one, on account of its gradual development; and I may remark that this feature is often observed in hallucinations voluntarily induced by crystal-gazing or otherwise. The next one I shall cite presents the same feature. It comes to us from Germany, and I select it because, though its subjective origin cannot be definitely traced, as in the last case, it seems highly improbable that it can have had any other. The lady who relates it was walking home along a familiar road one night in 1885, after spending the evening with a friend. It was full moon, and as she approached a cross with which popular tradition associated various uncanny rumours, but which she had often passed at night without seeing anything, she saw, as she supposed, a tramp sitting on a stone opposite to it. As she drew nearer she perceived that it was a female figure, and as it was bitterly cold, and sleeping in the open air was likely to be injurious, she went up to the woman to awake her. I now translate her own words: "With bewilderment I recognised the dress I was myself wearing on the creature on whose shoulder I was about to place my hand. At that moment, it raised its head, looked fixedly at me with my own countenance, and vanished. An icy shudder passed over me. . . ."

This lady had on a previous occasion in the same year seen a figure of herself which she at first took for another person, till it turned its face to her and vanished. In neither case was there any external event, simultaneous or subsequent, that the most ingenious superstition could connect with the apparition. Such appearances are sometimes thought to forebode evil, but in these cases neither evil nor good fortune followed.

I now turn to the coincidental cases, and I will first give a well-attested specimen of perhaps the commonest type, an apparition

occurring within a few hours of the death of the person seen. I give it in the percipient's own words :—

"In the spring and summer of 1886 I often visited a poor woman called Evans, who lived in our parish. She was very ill with a painful disease, and it was, as she said, a great pleasure when I went to see her; and I frequently sat with her and read to her. Towards the middle of October she was evidently growing weaker, but there seemed no immediate danger. I had not called on her for several days, and one evening I was standing in the dining-room, after dinner, with the rest of the family, when I saw the figure of a woman dressed like Mrs. Evans, in large apron and muslin cap, pass across the room from one door to the other, where she disappeared. I said, 'Who is that?' My mother said, 'What do you mean?' and I said, 'That woman who has just come in and walked over to the other door.' They all laughed at me, and said I was dreaming. But I felt sure it was Mrs. Evans, and next morning we heard she was dead."

Miss H.'s mother writes :—

"On referring to my diary for the month of October, 1886, I find the following entry: "19th. B. startled us all after dinner, about 8.30 last evening, by saying she saw the figure of a woman pass across the dining-room, and that it was Mrs. Evans. This morning we hear the poor woman is dead." On inquiring at the cottage, we found she had become wandering in her mind, and at times unconscious, about the time she appeared to B., and died towards the morning."

My last case will illustrate a different kind of coincidence. It is that of an apparition of a living person, representing that person as she was, but not as the percipient could have known her to be. The story comes to us from America. The percipient was a Dr. H. In 1867 he was in the service of the Government, and was placed at Fort Smith, in Arkansas, his wife living in Michigan. Business had called him away for three or four weeks out of reach of post-offices, so that he had not written to her for some time. He returned to Fort Smith on Saturday and sat up very late answering the letters he found waiting for him, and writing to his wife. The next day he was very tired, and after dinner, in the middle of the day, he went to his room to rest. He continues :—

"I turned the key in the lock, and lay down on the bed, with my back towards the door. I had not been there ten minutes when I heard someone coming upstairs with a light step, and I wondered who it could be. I had

expected several of my friends would call as soon as they knew I had returned, and I was too tired to see anyone. I took this course to get rested. While this idea was in my mind that I needed rest, I heard the door open, or seem to open, and I heard footsteps coming towards the bed. I turned over so as to look in that direction, and there stood my wife. I was a little excited, as it was so unexpected. I immediately got up and reached for a chair that stood near, and whilst doing so I said, 'Why, Libbie, when did you come? You look so tired; you must be—you have had three hundred miles of staging.' She spoke, and said, 'Yes, I am a little weary.' I stepped forward with the chair, and was about to ask her to be seated when, to my surprise, she was not there. I stepped to the door and found it was locked. Not being accustomed to such apparitions, felt sure that she had passed from the mortal form. As soon as I could compose myself I sat down and wrote her what I saw, describing the dress she had on, also the collar on her neck, together with the ring she had on her finger, all of which I had never seen before. On receiving an answer, which was as soon as possible, my wife said, 'On the day you speak of I dressed myself with the dress and collar you saw in your vision, also the ring, which you have described as perfectly as you could have done if it were in your hand. I felt tired, and went to my room about eleven o'clock and immediately fell asleep, and slept soundly for three hours.'"

Mrs. H. confirms her husband's account. She kept the letters for several years, but they were by accident destroyed. Dr. H. has on four other occasions seen apparitions of living friends which did not coincide with their death, but he never ascertained whether there was any other coincidence or whether they were purely casual.

Assuming, then, that there are apparitions which it seems unreasonable to attribute to anything but a subjective origin, and others, apparently similar, coinciding in a remarkable way with events occurring at a distance from and unknown to the percipient, let us proceed to consider whether the coincidence indicates a real connection. If the coincidental cases were as numerous or nearly as numerous as the non-coincidental, we should answer this question without hesitation; the coincidence would be clearly inexplicable by mere chance. But even on a cursory investigation, it soon becomes clear that this is not the case; the non-coincidental hallucinations far outnumber the coincidental. And though only a small minority of Englishmen have had any such experiences, still the aggregate of hallucinations that occur in any year in these islands must be reckoned by tens of thousands, so that some

remarkable coincidences must be expected to occur by pure chance. Hence, before we can conclude that the apparition of a dying person—when it cannot be attributed to anxiety, &c., in the percipient—is in any way the effect of the distant event, we have to ascertain by exact comparison of numbers that such coincidences are decidedly more frequent than they would be if purely accidental. And this we can only show conclusively by an extensive statistical investigation, as will appear from a little consideration of the figures already obtained.

So far as our census has yet gone, about 11 per cent. of the answers to our questions are affirmative, namely, 727 out of 6,481, and particulars respecting their experiences have been sent to us by 606 people. The accounts received include some 470 visual experiences, but, of course, many of these are very vague and indefinite compared with those that I have quoted. Again, 99 of their experiences were believed by the percipients to be coincidental; or, in other words, about 15 people in 1,000 of those who have hitherto answered our question report themselves to have seen, heard, or felt something not due to any external physical cause, and which seemed to correspond remarkably with something happening to an absent person. But this number includes all kinds of coincidences—well-established ones and doubtful ones, slight ones and important ones, clear ones and vague ones—and for our calculation of chances we must limit ourselves to clearly-defined cases of coincidences admitting of close numerical comparison with a corresponding class of non-coincidental hallucinations. The class best adapted for this purpose is that of apparitions of dying persons recognised at the time, the number of which must be compared with the number of apparitions of living people similarly recognised and not coinciding with any special event.

But scarcely a fourth of our 99 coincidental experiences are apparitions occurring within twelve hours of the death of the person seen, and when we further exclude those where the coincidence was not clearly made out, where the experience was a little vague, or where the hallucination may have been due to anxiety, we reduce our number to 13.

Of non-coincidental apparitions of living persons our 6,481

answers yield 97. Now, of course, a proportion of 13 apparitions within twelve hours of the death, out of every 110 apparitions of living and dying people, would be very much beyond what chance would give. But the numbers are too small for us to rely on their giving us the true proportion. Another 6,000 people taken at random might be found to have seen fewer apparitions at the time of death and a small deduction from 13 would make a very material difference in the proportion.

It is for this reason that I am anxious, if possible, to collect a much larger number of answers, and therefore to obtain further assistance in the work. If, indeed, we fail to get the number we hope for, our work will still not have been thrown away. We shall know approximately the proportion of persons who have these experiences to those who have not, and shall have obtained much useful information about the experiences themselves, and we shall be able to make some calculation as to the relative frequency of the coincidental and non-coincidental hallucinations. But it would be a great advantage to obtain the broader basis for calculation at which I am aiming.

Before I conclude, my readers may expect to hear something about those apparitions which do not represent living or dying people. The great majority (413) of the 472 visual hallucinations so far described in our census are of the human form. Of these about half are unrecognised and of the remainder two-thirds are appearances of living people, and one-third appearances of those who have been dead for more than twelve hours. Recognised apparitions of the dead are, therefore, the least frequent of all kinds of human apparitions;—a result which quite agrees with that of previous inquiries made by the Society for Psychical Research, but which would, perhaps, hardly have been expected before investigation.

In conclusion, I will ask all who are willing to help in the present inquiry to communicate with me. Letters addressed, Professor Sidgwick, Cambridge, will reach me.

HENRY SIDGWICK.

FREE LIBRARIES.*

NO one now denies the advantage of free libraries. The only objection ever raised to them now is on the score of expense. But we do not grudge the cost of schools, and the free library is the school for the grown-up. Moreover, I doubt whether either the one or the other is really an expense.

A great part, at any rate, of what we spend in books we save in prisons and police. Only a fraction of the crime of the country arises from deliberate wickedness or irresistible temptation; the great sources of crime are drink and ignorance.

There is a general impression that our schools are very expensive, and that the cost is increasing. I think, however, it may be shown that ignorance, in reality, costs more than knowledge. What are the facts? The annual cost of elementary schools in England and Wales amounts, in round numbers, to £8,500,000, but out of this sum the parents provided £1,860,000, and subscriptions amounted to £746,000, leaving something under £6,000,000 as contributed from rates and taxes.

To this must be added the Science and Art Department, £500,000; Museums, &c., £250,000; and Public Libraries, £150,000—say together, £7,000,000.

Now let us look at pauperism. The nominal poor-rate includes several other matters, but the part devoted to the maintenance of the poor is no less than £8,500,000.

The cost of police, prisons, and criminals amounts to over £4,000,000. The police, of course, perform various useful functions besides protecting us against criminals. On the other hand, the cost of the criminal population is not to be measured by the mere

* Being a speech delivered in opening a Free Library at Rotherhithe.

cost of police and prisons, and the real expense to the country far exceeds that sum.

Now let us consider what our expenditure in these directions might have been if it had not been for our expenditure on education. First, let me take the criminal statistics. Up to 1877 the number of prisoners showed a tendency to increase. In that year the average number was 20,800. Since then it has steadily decreased, and now is only 14,700. It has, therefore, diminished in round numbers by one-third. But we must remember that the population has been steadily increasing. Since 1870 it has increased by one-third. If our criminals had increased in the same proportion, they would have been 28,000 instead of 14,000, or just double.

In that case, then, our expenditure on police and prisons would have been at least £8,000,000.

In juvenile crime the decrease is even more satisfactory. In 1856 the number of young persons committed for indictable offences was 14,000; in 1866 it had fallen to 10,000; in 1876 to 7,000; in 1881 to 6,000; and the last figures I have seen to 5,100!

Turning to the poor-rate statistics we find that in 1870 the number of paupers to every thousand of the population was over 47. It had been as high as 52. Since then it has steadily fallen to 22 as an average, and in a parenthesis I may say I am proud to find that in the Metropolis we are substantially below the average. The proportion, therefore, is less than one-half of what it used to be. Supposing it had remained as it was our expenditure would have been £16,000,000 instead of £8,000,000, or £8,000,000 more than the present amount.

Of course I am aware that various allowances would have to be made, and that these figures cannot claim any scientific accuracy, but I believe that the additions would be larger than the deductions, and am convinced that the £7,000,000 of public funds spent annually on education save us a much larger sum in other ways.

I have dwelt on this because the question of expense is the one argument generally used against public libraries. But I need hardly assert that I should be one of the last to look on this as a mere matter of *£. s. d.*

I doubt very much, therefore, whether free libraries really cost

the ratepayers anything ; whether they do not save more than the penny rate. But how small a part is this of the benefit they confer ! I have put it first, as an answer to the objection of expense, but it is not, of course, the real argument to my mind in favour of establishing free libraries.

It is because public libraries add so greatly to the happiness of the poor that I rejoice at their establishment. There is but little amusement in the lives of the very poor. I have been good-humouredly laughed at more than once for having expressed the opinion that in the next generation the great readers would be our artisans and mechanics. But is not the continued increase in free libraries an argument in support of my contention? Before a free library can be started, a free popular vote must be taken, and we know that the clergy and lawyers, the doctors and the mercantile men, form but a small fraction of the voters. The free libraries are called into being by the artisan and the small shopkeeper, and it is by them that they are mainly used.

Books are peculiarly necessary to the working men in our towns. Their life is one of much monotony. The savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game which he hunts, their migrations and feeding grounds ; he must know where and how to fish ; every month brings him some change of occupation and of food. He must prepare his weapons and build his own house. Even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labour and knack.

The agricultural labourer turns his hand to many things. He ploughs and sows, mows and reaps. He plants at one season, and uses the bill-hook and the axe at another. He looks after the sheep, and pigs, and cows. To hold the plough, to lay a fence, or tie up a sheaf is by no means so easy as it looks.

It is said of Wordsworth that a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said : " This is master's room, but he studies in the fields." The agricultural labourer learns a great deal in the fields. He knows much more than we give him credit for, only it is field-learning, not book-learning—and none the worse for that.

But the man who works in a shop or manufactory has a much

more monotonous existence. He is confined, perhaps, to one process or even one part of a process, from year's end to year's end. He acquires, no doubt, a skill little short of miraculous, but on the other hand very narrow. If he is not himself to become a mere animated machine, he must generally obtain, and in some cases he can only obtain, the necessary variety and interest from the use of books. There is happily now some tendency to shorten the hours of labour, except, indeed, in shops, and, what is less satisfactory, there are times when work is slack. But the hours of leisure should not be hours of idleness; leisure is one of the greatest blessings, idleness one of the greatest curses—one is the source of happiness, the other of misery. Suppose a poor man has for a few days no work, what is he to do? How is he to employ his time? If he has access to a free library it need no longer be lost.

The reasons for educating our children apply equally to the grown-up. It has been said, somewhat cynically, that we must educate our masters; but this does not apply to children only. We have now all over the country good elementary schools. We do our best to educate our children. We teach them to read, and try to give them a love of reading. Why do we do this? Because we believe that no one can study without being the better for it, that it tends to make the man the better workman, and the workman the better man. The free library is the school for the grown-up. There is a story that King Alfred when a child once set his heart on a book. "He shall have the book," said his mother, "when he can read it;" and by that title Alfred won it. Our children have learnt to read; have they not also the same title to books?

Many of those who are not Socialists in the ordinary sense, would be so if they thought Socialism would have the effect which its advocates anticipate. It is because we do not believe that Socialism in that sense would promote "the greatest good of the greatest number" that we are not Socialists. But the difficulties we feel do not apply to books. It is said that a poor woman on seeing the sea for the first time was delighted. "It was grand," she said, "to see something of which there was enough for everybody." Well, there are books enough for everyone, and the best books are the

cheapest. For the price of a little beer or tobacco one can buy Shakespeare or Milton; in fact, almost as many books as a man can read with profit in a year.

This applies to few other things. We who are engaged in "the puzzle of business" seem always to wish for rather more than we have. But in books fortune showers on us more than we can possibly use.

Some of the wisest of our fellow creatures have told us that they owed their happiest hours to books. Happy indeed is the man who knows really how to read; who can find comfort, counsel, and companionship in his books. As long ago as the fourteenth century Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, said: "The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever, therefore acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books."

We are beginning to realise that education should last through life, that the education of our children should not be a mere matter of grammar and of words, but should include some training of the hand and eye; so, on the other hand, the life of the grown-up man and woman should not be altogether devoted to work with the hands, to the pursuit of money, but they should devote some time to the acquisition of knowledge and the improvement of their minds.

It has indeed been well said that if a man has not the elements of happiness in himself, not all the beauty and variety, the pleasures and interest, of the world can give it to him. "To one man," says Schopenhauer, "the world is barren, dull, and superficial, to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning."

We are trying hard in this country to make ours a real civilisation. A Swiss statesman once said that many of their children were born to a life of poverty, but they were determined that it should not be one of ignorance also. There are many whose very birth is a sentence of hard labour for life. But that does not apply to the poor only. How many rich people there are whose very money makes them miserable—in whose life there is no rest, no calm, no peace.

We cannot in this world avoid sufferings, but if we would, we might rise above them. No one was ever made utterly miserable, excepting by himself. Pietro de Medici is said to have once employed the great artist Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was a stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and even worse, in making idols out of mire.

No doubt there are many questions which books cannot settle. The Greeks tried to determine many questions by verbal argument which can, in reality, be determined by observation only. There is, for instance, an essay in Plutarch's works on the question "Which came first, the bird or the egg?" and one reason given for deciding that the hen preceded the egg is that everyone calls it "a hen's egg" and no one speaks of "an egg's hen."

But in urging the multiplication of free libraries, over and above all the solid advantages of study, it is pleasant to think of the many happy hours which would be spent within their walls.

So delightful, indeed, are books that we must be careful not to neglect other duties for them; in cultivating the mind we must not neglect the body. Studies are a means, and not an end. Those who will not find time for exercise will have to find time for illness. I have generally observed in life that it is the idle people who complain that they cannot find time to do what they fancy they would like to do. The truth is that we can generally make time for what we really wish to do. It is not so much the time, but rather the will that is wanting, and the advantage of leisure is not that it confers the privilege of idling our time away, but that it gives us the power of choosing our own work for ourselves.

What delightful memories arise even at the very thought of books! Shakespeare, with no less truth than beauty, tells us that:

> All places that the eye of Heaven visits
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

But this is nowhere truer than of a library.

A library is true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor

can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage. You can transport yourself without delay and without expense to any part of the globe, or even into the regions of the skies. You can call up the greatest men of the past or the present of this or any other country. Surely to the works of Englishmen, at least, Englishmen have some right. The literature of England is the birthright and inheritance of every Englishman. England has produced, and is producing, some of the greatest of poets, of philosophers, of men of science. No country can boast a brighter, purer, or nobler literature, richer than our commerce, more powerful than our arms, the true pride and glory of our country. To this literature in every town, where a free library is erected, the very poorest citizen will have access.

JOHN LUBBOCK

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

WHO has not suffered lately from Theosophy and Esoteric Buddhism? Journals are full of it, novels overflow with it, and oh! the private and confidential letters to ask what it all really means. It is nearly as bad as the Anglo-Jewish craze and the Original Home of the Aryans. Esoteric Buddhism has no sweet odour in the nostrils of Sanskrit and Pali scholars. They try to keep aloof of it, and to avoid all controversy with its prophets and prophetesses. But it seems hard on them that they should be blamed for not speaking out, when their silence says really all that is required. Many people, no doubt, are much distressed in their minds when they are told that Christianity is but a second edition of Buddhism. Is it really true? they ask. Why did you not tell us all this before? Surely you must have known it, and were only afraid to tell us. Then follow other questions: Does Buddhism really count more believers than any other religion? Is Buddhism really older than Christianity? And does it really contain many things which are found in the Bible?

Now, let us suppose that all this were true. Would it make Christianity less true if it were in a minority, and if the majority of human beings were on the side of Buddhism? Would it make Christianity less true if it were young, and if Buddhism were older by five hundred years? Would it make Christianity less true, if Buddhism contained many things which are taught in the Bible also?

The apostles of Esoteric Buddhism may really have been doing more good than they are aware of, if they have helped to bring questions like these before a larger public, and made people see that truth does not depend on majorities, that truth does not depend on antiquity, and that truth does not cease to be truth because it is held by others beside ourselves.

It is not to be wondered at, however, if people who know their own religion only, and even that very slightly, as far as its history is concerned, and who certainly know nothing of any other religions, except that they are the work of the devil, should be surprised at a number of more or less striking similarities which have been pointed out between Christianity and Buddhism.

Some people may still remember the charming volumes of Huc and Gabet, giving an account of their travels from China to Tibet. Nothing disturbed these excellent Roman Catholic priests so much as the Buddhist ritual in Tibet. When they visited the Buddhist temples, they could almost have imagined themselves in St. Peter's at Rome. The vestments were the same, the censers were the same, the hands of the priests were folded in the same way as at Rome, the very smell of the incense reminded them of more homely smells. What could they say? They saw but one way out of it. It was the devil who had counterfeited all this for his own vile purposes.

But if this way of escape is barred, if the similarities between Buddhism and Christianity must not be explained by the wiles of the Tempter, what remains? Two ways, and two ways only, are open. Either, one of these two religions borrowed from the other, or the similarities between them must be traced back to that common foundation which underlies all religions.

If any actual borrowing or imitation took place, it would seem to follow that it could have been Christianity only that was the borrower. Buddha died 477 B.C., and at the time of King Asoka, 259-222 B.C., his religion had been recognised as the state religion of his kingdom. Asoka was the grandson of King Chandragupta or Sandrocyptos, who was the contemporary of Seleucus; and at his court at Patalibothra lived Megasthenes, the ambassador of Seleucus. These are historical facts, and the chronological priority of Buddhism cannot well be contested. It does not follow by necessity that a more recent religion must have borrowed from a more ancient one, yet it must be admitted that we know of no other instance where a more ancient borrowed from a more recent religion.

Mere ritual coincidences, such as disturbed the peace of mind of my excellent friend, the Abbé Huc, need not agitate us. Even the

existence of monasteries, both for men and women, the use of rosaries for praying, the ringing of bells for calling the faithful together, the shaving of the head by priests, and the like, can hardly be considered as essential to any religion, and none of them has been proved to have been coeval with the rise of either Christianity or Buddhism. In several cases we know the independent antecedents of these customs and ecclesiastical institutions. If Buddhist friars shaved their heads and were called Mu*nd*as, or shavelings, there was a reason for it. In India different castes and even different families had each their peculiar way of wearing the hair. This custom can be traced back even to Vedic times. Buddhism, which lifted its priesthood out of and above all trammels of caste, naturally forbade the wearing of hair as a distinctive feature of caste or class, and introduced in consequence the complete shaving of the hair, not mere tonsure, among its clergy. Besides, there was the example of Buddha himself, who, on renouncing his princely rank, cut off his flowing locks, and became a shaveling.

Whatever the origin of the tonsure may have been, it could never have been an imitation of the example set by the Prince of Kapilavastu cutting off his flowing locks. The Early Christians seem to have considered it a shame for any man to have long hair; but that again is very different from the tonsure. It may show great ignorance, but I must confess that I do not know the true origin of the tonsure in the history of the Christian Church.

Mr. Oswald Felix has been publishing a number of articles in American papers, which have attracted attention in England also. His object is to prove that Christianity must have taken over not only its doctrines, but many of the incidents also as related in the Gospels, from Buddhist sources. Mr. Oswald Felix is, I believe, one of the more conscientious and fair-minded students of Buddhism. He takes his authorities either from authentic texts, the canonical writings of Southern and Northern Buddhists, or from such works as Seydel's *Das Evangelium von Jesu*, and not from Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*. When my friends asked me to answer his articles, I urged my old plea that it is useless to argue about Homer with a man who does not know Greek, and that it would be equally useless to argue about Buddha and Buddhism with antago-

nists, however clever, who do not know Sanskrit or Pali. But then I was reminded that Bishops have sometimes written about Moses without knowing Hebrew, and that it was confessedly my chief object in publishing a large collection of English translations of the "Sacred Books of the East" to enable those ignorant of Sanskrit, Pali, Zend, Pehlevi, Chinese, Arabic, and all the rest, to form their own opinion of the great religions of the world.

At last came urgent letters and appeals which admitted of no refusal, and here is the substance of one of my answers.

I am told that Mr. Felix Oswald has published the following statement: "According to the Lalita-Vistara, one of the sacred books of Northern Buddhism, Buddha converted his first disciples half of them formerly followers of his precursor, Rudraka, while sitting under a fig-tree. The first disciples of Christ were seceders from the followers of John the Baptist, the precursor of the world-renouncing Messiah. 'I have seen you under the fig-tree,' says Jesus, when His converts introduce Nathanael. Nathanael then at once recants his doubts. Sitting under the sacred fig-tree is one of the mystic tokens of Buddhist Messiahship."

So far Mr. Oswald Felix. Let us now examine the case more closely. That the founders of the Christian and Buddhist religions should both have had precursors, can hardly be called a very startling coincidence, particularly when we consider how different was the relation of John the Baptist to Christ from that of Rudraka to Buddha. But that the Buddhist and the Christian Messiah should both have converted their disciples under a fig-tree does sound strange, and, being without any apparent motives, would seem to require some explanation. If there was borrowing on this point between the two religions, one would naturally think of India as the original home of the story. In India it was perfectly natural that Buddha should be represented as sitting under a fig-tree. Hermits in India lived under the shelter of trees, and no tree in India gave better shelter than the Indian fig-tree. Different Buddhas were supposed to have been sitting under different trees, and were distinguished in consequence by the trees which they had chosen as their own.

The fig-tree in Palestine, however, has nothing in common with

the fig-tree in India, nor do we ever hear of Jewish Rabbis sitting under trees while teaching.

But is there a child in a Sunday-school that could not at once tell Mr. Oswald Felix and his predecessor, Dr. Seydel, that Christ never sat under a fig-tree? We read: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wert under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Of Christ Himself sitting and teaching under a fig-tree there is no trace anywhere.

No judge, I suppose, would hesitate to say after this, "There is no case." But Dr. Seydel, who seems to be Mr. Oswald Felix's chief authority, is not discouraged. He tells us that Abubekr recognised Mohammed as sent by God, because he sat under a tree, and because no one could sit under that tree *after Jesus*. This, he maintains, proves that Jesus also sat under a tree, and that this was a sign of His Messiahship. But, unfortunately, the tree thus mentioned in a Mohammedan legend is not a fig-tree, but, as we are told distinctly, a Sizyphus tree. Nor is it said that Mohammed was recognised as sent by God because he sat under a tree, under which no one could sit after Jesus had sat under it. The words are simply: "The prophet sat under the shadow of a tree, where he and Abubekr had before been sitting together. Abubekr then went to a hermit, and asked him for the true religion. The hermit asked: 'Who is the man under the shadow of the tree?' He answered: 'Mohammed, the son of Abd Allah.' The hermit said: 'By Allah, this is a prophet; no one but Mohammed, the messenger of God, sits after Jesus under that tree.'" Nowhere is it said that the hermit recognised Mohammed because he sat under a tree. Sitting under a tree never was a sign of prophethood with the Mohammedans. It simply means that he recognised him while sitting in the shadow of a tree, as the prophet who should come after Jesus.

It is not every case that breaks down so completely under the first critical examination. Still our case shows how eager certain writers are to discover Buddhist influences in Christianity, and how carefully every statement has to be tested before it can be accepted as trustworthy.

There are some similarities between Christianity and Buddhism

which are much more difficult to explain. I do not mean such outward similarities as that a star stood over the palace in which the young prince who afterwards became the Buddha, *i.e.*, the Awakened or the Enlightened, was born. We know that no auspicious event could happen in India without an auspicious star. At the birth of former Buddhas also the rising of certain stars is recorded. In fact, the record of these constellations does not mean much more than if we were to say that each Buddha was born under a fortunate star.

The same applies to the miraculous conception of Buddha. The greatest miracle of all, the conception and birth of a human being, was not considered sufficiently miraculous for a Buddha. Though in the early records his birth is natural enough, in the later writings he is represented as entering the right side of his mother in the shape of an elephant.

That Buddha should have been tempted by Mâra before he began the preaching of the new law is again an element that is found in the history of many religions, and does not necessitate by any means the admission of a loan either on the Buddhist or on the Christian side.

No doubt the visit paid by the old saint, Asita, to the palace, in order to worship the child that had just been born, and to prophesy his greatness, is startlingly like the visit of Simeon to the Temple, to greet the child Jesus and to prophesy the consolation of Israel. And yet the two are not alike. The hope for the coming of a Deliverer, or a Messiah, was a historical fact among the Jews, but it cannot be proved to have existed in India before the rise of historical Buddhism. We find it, indeed, in the Buddhist Scriptures, but the Buddhist Scriptures are later than Buddha, and no trace of such an expectation has been discovered anywhere in pre-Buddhistic documents.

I must confess that I was myself startled when I came across for the first time the following lines in which the incarnation of Buddha is described: "A great light appeared, the blind received their sight, the deaf heard a noise, the dumb spake one with another, the crooked became straight, the lame walked." This sounded indeed so much like the message given to John that one wished

that there might be a historical channel through which it could have travelled from East to West, or from West to East. But here again we have only to look for the antecedents on both sides, and we shall find that there is no necessity at all for such a channel. We know that the answer given to the messengers of John the Baptist was only meant to say that the Messiah had really appeared, such as Isaiah and others had prophesied. As Isaiah had prophesied that "in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness," therefore John, who wished to know whether the Messiah had really appeared, was told "that the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

In India, too, we can trace the same expression back to a time when there could be no idea of any intercourse between India and Judæa. As far back as the Vedic hymns we meet with the almost idiomatic expression: "The blind sees, the lame walks." When the great works of Indra are described, we are told (Rigveda ii. 15, 7) that the lame stood, and the blind saw. Again, in another place (Rigveda vii. 79, 2), we read: "Soma covers all that is naked, he heals all that is weak, nay, the blind saw, and the lame came forth."

The Buddhists therefore need not have borrowed these expressions from Hebrew or Greek, supposing that they ever understood these languages. They borrowed them where they borrowed so much of their wisdom, namely, from the Brâhmans, only that they multiplied what they received tenfold and a hundredfold, till we can hardly recognise the simple stones in the gorgeous mosaic which they elaborated.

With all this I do not mean to deny that there are similarities between Buddhism and Christianity which are perplexing. Some of them, however, cease to perplex us, when we have traced Christianity on one side and Buddhism on the other back to their historical antecedents. Many things which seemed to be alike are then perceived to be totally different in their original intention, while others are simply due to our common human nature.

But I wonder that those who profess to be so much perplexed

by certain coincidences that they feel constrained to admit a historical contact between these two religions should not feel far more perplexed by the differences that divide the two religions. If we are to suppose that Buddhism had reached Alexandria, and had filtered into Judæa, and had influenced the thoughts of the Essenes and other sects before the rise of Christianity, how are we to account for the diametrical opposition which exists between the fundamental doctrines of the two religions?

From a Christian point of view, Buddhism is atheistic. It recognises no gods in the Greek sense, no God in the Christian sense of the word. If we translated Buddhism into Christianity, it would be, to put it briefly, a belief in the Second Person, and a complete denial of the First. While Christianity is founded on a belief in revelation, such a belief would be entirely incongruous in Buddha's teaching. Buddha lived a long life and died a natural death, and nothing can be more different than Buddha's conception of Nirvâna from the words uttered on the Cross, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

It is in comparative theology as it is in comparative philology. Before we compare two religions or two languages, we must study each of them by itself, and trace each of them as far back as we can to its first beginnings. Many words which at first sight seemed so much alike that it sounded almost foolish to doubt their identity have, after a time, been recognised as entirely unrelated. *Care* has nothing to do with *cura; heart* cannot be derived from Sanskrit *hărid;* even *deus* has, for the time being, been divorced from the Greek *theós*. On the other hand, words which have hardly one letter in common have been traced back, in obedience to strict phonetic laws, to a common source. According to the newest lights, the Greek *parthénos* has been identified with Latin *virgo;* the Greek *prapídes*, diaphragm, with German *Zwerch-fell*, nay, even *flea* with *locust*. This should be a lesson to all who are interested in a comparative study of religions. Many things are alike, and yet different in origin; many things seem unlike, and yet spring from a common source.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE STARVED GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.

UNDER the title of "A Starved Government Department" Mr. Bradlaugh has recently placed before the readers of this REVIEW the hard case of the Labour Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. No one who is at all acquainted with the situation of that Department—face to face with demands which the means at its disposal are utterly insufficient to satisfy—can fail to endorse Mr. Bradlaugh's appeal on its behalf. Mr. Bradlaugh has already so fully stated his case in these pages that it is quite unnecessary for me to go into details, on this head, which he has already given. What, however, I propose to do is to draw attention to the criticisms he has made on the shortcomings of the Department and to the suggestions he offers as to the way in which these deficiencies may be remedied, and the work of the Department extended, so that this division of the Board of Trade may play its proper part in the solution of the industrial problems of the day.

In the first place, Mr. Bradlaugh complains that particulars of wages paid in certain industries up to the year 1883, such as were given in a Parliamentary paper published in 1887, are only historically useful. To be of practical value such particulars should be made complete, should be methodically tabulated, and should be published frequently—in short, be kept up to date. Furthermore, he cites the two Parliamentary papers on the textile trades, giving wages, hours, and numbers of men and women, boys and girls employed up to October, 1886, which were only presented three years later, with, it is true, an apology by the Department, pleading as excuse for delay the absence of a sufficient staff with which promptly to execute the work. What was then done for the tex-

tile trades should have been done for all trades, says Mr. Bradlaugh; and I think everyone will concur with him when he adds that a sufficient staff should have been provided for the purpose. On a third head, also, the justice of Mr. Bradlaugh's criticisms cannot be denied when he says that this information when collected is turned out in a shape that makes it useless to working men, who cannot be expected to hunt up commercial series of Parliamentary papers, and unearth casual articles from back numbers of the *Board of Trade Journal*. In this connection Mr. Bradlaugh suggests that the only regular publication of the Labour Statistical Department, that is, the annual statistical tables and report on trades unions, might be utilised as a means of circulating information. Mr. Burnett might, he thinks, index on the back of these reports all official publications, consular and diplomatic reports, &c., containing matter of value to employers or employed. The question of insufficient staff alone need stand in the way of our realising at once this useful reform; but when Mr. Bradlaugh suggests that Mr. Burnett's difficulties in compiling his trade union reports could be got over by requiring that all societies availing themselves of the Friendly Societies Acts for the purposes of registration should be held bound to make the desired returns to the Board of Trade he shows, I think, that he is not aware of the rapidly growing inclination on the part of trade societies to take their chance of justice without the protection of these Acts. Rightly or wrongly, they hold that their position before the law is just as good without the Registrar's sanction, and I know societies numbering many thousands which are, and intend to remain, unregistered. This, however, is only a minor point, on which it is unnecessary to dwell. Mr. Bradlaugh's main contention is that we are in sore need of more and fuller labour statistics, and that to have these we must have larger provision for the Department charged with the task of their collection. So far, I suppose that everyone who is interested in labour questions will agree with him; when, however, he goes on to provide for an increase in the Statistical Department by virtually suppressing the Labour Correspondent, I, for one, find myself in a position of complete disagreement.

"I complain," says Mr. Bradlaugh, "that at the Board of Trade

the collection of labour statistics has been starved. In December, 1888, Mr. Giffen officially stated that the provision for the Department was insufficient both as to junior and superior officers. I assert that it is insufficient still. Mr. Giffen in 1888 reported that the Labour Correspondent had served in other official capacities, which had much occupied his time. I submit that his whole time should be devoted to this Department, and that he should have proper clerical assistance."

That is to say that we are to take our Labour Correspondent, who was chosen precisely that he might be used largely for the purposes of special outside inquiry, and set him down to the desk, there to deliver himself to the task of collecting, compiling, and tabulating labour statistics, a work which could very well be performed by dozens of men who have not his qualifications for keeping in actual touch with the labour world itself. Anyone capable of understanding the invaluable services rendered by Mr. Burnett's investigation into the sweating system, or who is familiar with his admirable report on the condition of the chain and nail trades, will be amazed at the proposal made by Mr. Bradlaugh to take Mr. Burnett away from work such as this and force him to give his "whole time" to the compilation of statistical reports. How, one asks, would it be possible for a "labour correspondent" to keep himself sufficiently informed as to the views and sentiments of the labouring classes, or to keep in touch at all with their leaders, if he were to spend his "whole time" at work upon mere columns of figures.

I cannot but think that further reflection might give Mr. Bradlaugh himself cause to change his views on this point.

By all means let us put this Department on such a footing as shall make it equal in importance to the admirable example set us by the United States, to which Mr. Bradlaugh pays so just and well deserved a tribute; but do not let us, in striving to do this, misapply the forces we have actually at our command. As he has pointed out, there is at Washington a National Labour Bureau—with its annual budget as great as that of some of our own public departments—after which come some twenty-three or twenty-four State bureaus, for, I believe, these are now even more in number than the figures given by Mr. Bradlaugh. If it is idle, at present,

to hope for the establishment of an English Bureau on the model of the United States National Bureau, there seems, however, no reason why an attempt should not be made to form a department or a sub-department of the Board of Trade, which should enjoy something like the same independence, and be exclusively devoted to statistical and general treatment of the labour question in its various forms.

To those who urge that we have this system practically in operation under the direction of Mr. Giffen there is an obvious answer, for before the collection of labour statistics was added to the work of Mr. Giffen his duties were already sufficiently onerous. The additional responsibilities imposed in respect of labour information meant extra work for him, and threw upon him, together with the burden of the Statistical Department, the charge and direction of an increased staff. All that has taken place, therefore, as a result of the measures initiated by Mr. Bradlaugh, and approved by the House of Commons in 1886, is an extension of the Commercial Department of the Board of Trade; and naturally the new branch is considered of less importance than the old one. As set forth in a Parliamentary return issued nearly two years ago, there would seem to be some ten or eleven persons employed at the Board of Trade on labour statistics, the Labour Correspondent and two clerks being engaged on what may be called general labour statistics and information, whilst the remainder of the total number work only on statistics of wages under the direction of the Superintendent of Statistics, who has also a large amount of other work to attend to. The faultiness of this system may be guessed from the fact that the two sections into which the Labour Department of the Board of Trade is divided have no connection with each other; neither knows, except incidentally, what is being done in the opposite section.

In the State of New York, on the other hand, the Labour Bureau is complete in itself, under a head responsible only to the Minister; a regular staff is appointed, and a yearly budget is voted. Not only so, but, as Mr. Bradlaugh has also noted, the Bureau has power to visit any town in the State to take evidence, and can compel the attendance of witnesses to give any required information.

Many may share the great hesitation which Mr. Bradlaugh has expressed as to the wisdom of following the American pattern on this point by adding to our labour legislation a clause which should make the supply of statistical information compulsory under penalty. There can, however, be no two opinions as to the desirability of enabling our Labour Statistical Department, or let us say our Labour Correspondent, to employ local or foreign agents, other than officials, if necessary, to collect or furnish any special information that may be required : a power the exercise of which is at the disposal of the Labour Bureau at Washington.

In this connection, it seems to me also desirable to refer to the questions which are now constantly pressing for attention as regards the labour of women and its effect not only on their own status, but on the general conditions of labour and on the wages of men. It has, I believe, been more than once suggested that the appointment of a woman Labour Correspondent to the Board of Trade is desirable in the interests of women's labour, and it has been said that her sex would endow her services with a character of special value. Apart even from the fact that the questions affecting the labour of women in every important division of modern industry are inextricably mixed up with the conditions of men's labour, there is, I think, very considerable advantage to be gained by having one head at the direction of all branches of the investigations instituted into labour matters. "L'unité de l'autorité dans la maison" is not a thing, in any case, to be lightly sacrificed, and it would be much to be regretted, in the interests of women themselves, if a one-sided view were taken of their position, or if we incurred the risk of having someone appointed to such a post who would, intentionally or unintentionally, foster the feeling sometimes openly expressed, and certainly latent in large sections of the public, that it is a good thing to find employment for women in any and every trade, regardless of the disastrous consequences which may be entailed on others by their introduction. The training, even of our leading women, at the present moment has not been carried far enough for it to be safe to place in their hands the direction of any part of a policy which involves dealing with industrial questions of great magnitude. The most competent

would probably be the first to proclaim their own insufficiency. There are, however, many who could render good service in subordinate positions, who, for example—whenever it was felt that they had special qualifications for conducting inquiry into branches of trade in which women were solely or largely employed—might act as agents of the Labour Correspondent, according to the plan adopted in the United States, and might report to him directly on the points as to which he required information. I could, of my own knowledge, specify cases in which, as I believe, women agents, if carefully chosen, might get at essential details which would be less readily given to men, and would—again I repeat, if carefully chosen—be less likely to be imposed upon by little practices more or less familiar to all the daughters of Eve, and for which room may occasionally be found, even in the dry and narrow course of a labour inquiry.

Briefly, then, I would sum up my position on this question by saying that, whilst wholly agreeing with Mr. Bradlaugh in asserting that it is necessary, in the interests of British industry, that the public, and especially the public of working men, should have at their command full, complete, and if not annually, at least frequently, published statistics of all branches of labour, domestic and foreign, I should not propose to buy this advantage by doing away with the one official whose special duty it is to find out, by personal contact with the leaders of industry, in what directions these investigations are most needed. I would rather, whilst suggesting the concentration of the whole work in one completely constituted department, urge that, above all things, the hands of the present Labour Correspondent be further strengthened, so that the division, which has, in spite of its "starved" condition, turned out such splendid work, may never again be described, as I have heard it described: "The Labour Bureau of Great Britain is Burnett, a man, and a boy"!

EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

CONTINENTAL COMMENTS.

THE extraordinary Session of the Chamber of Deputies has been occupied almost entirely by the discussion of the Budget of 1891. It is long since a Parliamentary Session has passed so quietly, so calmly, and, if I may be allowed to say so—although I did form part of the Budget Committee—so productively. The Budget of 1891 should be, indeed, a Reform Budget; and the importance of the reforms to be contained in it are known already. In the first place, a saving of over sixty millions as compared with its predecessor. In the second place, the diminution of the tax on unbuilt-over ground—that is to say, on land—a reduction which has been received with joy by French agriculturists, and has been effected by the mere raising of the tax on transferable securities from 3 to 4 per cent. Lastly and specially, the incorporation of the Extraordinary War Budget. This Budget—the most enormous in any time or any country—had been covered hitherto by so-called extraordinary means, that is to say, by loans on bonds at long terms. We have converted the floating debt of continual six-yearly loans into a perpetual loan upon the funds—that is, into stock—to be raised in the month of January; and henceforth we shall only go to the taxes for our war expenses. It used to be said that France was rich enough to pay for her glory. We are going to show that she is rich enough to pay without loans for the considerable cost of the national defence. Germany had thought that she would certainly exhaust us. France replies that she is richer than ever. The incorporation of the Extraordinary War Budget has produced a great impression upon the diplomatic representatives in Paris; there was no general expectation of seeing France put forth such a proof of her inexhaustible vitality. The proof is now given with the greatest possible brilliance.

The discussion of the Budget has done great honour to the speakers who took part in it. I cannot analyse in this brief article the numerous and important speeches which were delivered on the subject. But I must dwell upon the final vote. Hitherto the entire Monarchical right wing has refused to vote for the Budget. This year, for the first time, a Deputy of the Right, an old *sous-préfet* of the Empire, ascended the tribune to declare that the refusal to vote supplies was a revolutionary act, and that, consequently, as he had given his adhesion to the principle of the Republic, he should vote for the Budget, an example which was followed by some twenty Deputies, while only forty opposed, and all the others abstained.

The profound discouragement of the parties of the Monarchy and Empire has been, indeed, the principal characteristic of recent politics. The Bonapartists and Royalists made their supreme effort when they followed General Boulanger. The defeat of that adventurer was the deathblow of the anti-Republican parties. They were not only conquered and crushed, but they have since been dishonoured, in the persons of their pretenders, by those revelations which the accomplices of the Jersey exile, when they became traitors to misfortune, laid open to the public. Prince Napoleon has retired from the higher walks of active politics, and is writing his memoirs. Prince Victor has quarrelled with his father and fallen into contempt. Lastly, the Comte de Paris has been the most cruelly struck down of all. Three years ago, when he entered into the Boulangist conspiracy, along with the worst revolutionaries, Rochefort, Eudes, Vergsin and their crew, the Duc d'Aumale uttered the words which were immediately published : "I do not know whether this may be interest, but I know well that it is not honour." Where honour is absent, interest is not truly served. The Comte de Paris perceives this now.

Thus the movement of adhesion to the Republic is general. All the bye-elections are Republican. The reactionary candidates no longer care to call themselves Bonapartists or Royalists. On the clerical side, Cardinal Lavigerie has declared loudly for the

acceptance of the Republic by the clergy; and the letter of Cardinal Rampolla shows that the utterances of the Bishop of Algiers have been approved by the Pope. It would be impossible to overstate the importance of this movement among the clergy. The religious question furnished the Monarchical parties with their great cry against the Republic. If the Republican Government is strong enough and just enough, as I hope, to exercise a tolerant policy towards the clergy, without, however, giving up the military and school laws, religious peace will be made very shortly. Even the fashionable cliques are laying down their arms. The *Figaro* has hitherto been the principal organ of the fashionable world against the Republic; now the *Figaro* declares the Republic to be the only government possible in France. For anyone who knows the strength of social prejudices, such an evolution as this is very significant. Even the Académie itself—that old fortress of Orleanism—is giving in its adhesion. The nomination of the Minister of War, M. de Freycinet, as the successor of Émile Augier has this primary significance. M. de Freycinet is a distinguished writer and speaker. But we must see things as they are; what the Académie elected was, above all, the representative of the Republican Government.

The season of the lean kine is over, and the season of the fat kine is beginning. Everything smiles on the Republic, which was never stronger than it is now. Let it know how to be wise, just, and moderate, and it may be considered as definitely established in France.

JOSEPH REINACH.

THE youthful Emperor stands forth as yet without a rival in the country. People live in breathless expectancy of his next surprise, of some new decision publicly announced, of this venerable institution assailed, or that truism of kingcraft illustrated. Last spring he reminded his people that just a century and a half ago Frederick the Great ascended the throne, a man of twenty-eight summers only. And again, on December 1st, another ancestor's anniversary was made the subject of a Royal celebra-

tion, jointly for school children and for soldiers, who were told from his own mouth that Frederick William—he was the last of the Brandenburg Electors and has justly been surnamed "the Great" Elector—found himself in 1640, or two hundred and fifty years ago, called upon, at the age of twenty, to govern a country devastated by all the scourges of a European war and on the brink of annihilation through a bad Government. "My ancestor," he explained to his hearers, "had nobody to lean upon. For the great statesman who had served his predecessor had laboured for his own personal ends, and the young sovereign was compelled to strike out a new path for himself." The readers of the NEW REVIEW may picture to themselves the expression on the countenances of some among his auditory, who wondered whether his Majesty meant to draw a parallel. This, of course, was not the case. For Schwarzenberg, whom the Elector summarily discharged in 1640, had been a thief and a traitor. Yet a simile was without a doubt occupying the Royal speaker's mind when he uttered those words. There had been cause enough for him, too, to take a new departure! And finally, towards the close of a truly eventful year, this school-ridden people is stirred to its very depths by the sudden publication of a Memorandum which the Emperor addressed to the Prussian Minister of Education eighteen months ago on reforms necessary in the higher schools of Prussia, and still more by the elaborate speech with which his Majesty opened a Conference of Prussian and other schoolmen, on December 4th. In this the much-vaunted excellence of our Latin schools (here called gymnasiums) is subjected to a mercilessly adverse criticism.

It was an assembly of notables. There sat Helmholtz, the great physicist; there Virchow, first among medical professors; there the many-sided metaphysician Zeller, and a crowd of specialists in the art of teaching, one of whom, Dr. Hirzpeter, had been the tutor of the Emperor himself. The impression of the speech upon the public is that of a breeze in early spring. As long as a nation consists mainly of fathers and mothers, it is they who form public opinion. Now, among German parents most assuredly this conviction gains ground, that school reform has been a subject of platonic palaver too long, and that no administrative power can ever succeed

in pulling down the mediæval fabric of our gymnasiums, against the will of specialists, who, in the matter of education, exert a despotic influence greater than in any other country. One person only is capable, people think, and he has spoken. What does he insist upon? First, a shortening of each day's work, both at school and at home, so as to leave time, and plenty of it, for games and athletics in the open air. Secondly, a diminution of numbers in each form. Thirdly, religious teaching directed towards ethical principles rather than to labours of memory. Fourthly, the national idiom to become, and Latin and Greek to cease to be, the principal channel of higher as well as lower tuition. In like manner, his Majesty thinks the study of ancient history should make room for a sound knowledge of political development in Germany, and of the institutions on which the country is based. Lastly, the former monopoly of Latin schools in opening a road to the privilege of serving one year in the army instead of three to be further modified in favour of middle-class, or "*Real*" schools. Well, these demands simply enchant German parents. They wink at, or even approve of, so lively an innovation as that of a sovereign speaking his mind at the commencement of a debate instead of waiting until its conclusions have been in due course laid before him. Of course, this approval does not blind them to the fact that the Emperor's programme remains incomplete, so long as the need of a strong grounding in mathematics and the elements of all branches of natural science is not included. They wonder at its failing to claim a place for English and French, each of which they consider quite as indispensable for mental athletics as for practical life. Finally, they remain convinced that the new system should reckon among its chief objects, whilst minimising grammatical obstruction, to increase the enjoyment of the undying masterpieces of Athens and of Rome.

The year 1890 closes with a fair prospect of peace. The new Chancellor's winning manners have helped to foster that pacific tendency of European politics which his great predecessor first established, and then forced people to believe in. Here, as everywhere, it is well known that the ranges of the Balkans and the mountains

of Armenia, to say nothing of other mountain ranges further East, are dangerous spots. We in particular feel somewhat surprised at the ease with which the Czar's Government can every day obtain popularity among most classes in Russia, by hostility to every non-Russian element within the frontiers. Nevertheless, the Czar's personal character inspires confidence in his ability to curb the turbulent clique which would fain hurry him on into extreme measures. It is to Caprivi's firm, yet gentle, attitude likewise, that we are indebted for the removal of misapprehension among the friends of colonial expansion in this country which might have produced an estrangement between us and our ancient ally, England. The delimitation between the English and German Protectorates in Africa had produced quite as much angry feeling in this country as among Englishmen. Latterly, however, a better understanding has begun to prevail on both sides, and the German East African Company, which was the chief complainant, has girt up its loins to proceed on the lines of a trading company within the enormous territory secured by Major Wissmann.

As regards English politics, a recent article in the best of German Reviews (the *Deutsche Rundschau*), by Major Wachs, gives a fresh proof that the public in this country views with increasing favour the firm and permanent establishment of British preponderance in Egypt. The article may be designated as a military study on the various strategic routes to India open to England. Its writer does not conceal his wish that Great Britain may never lose the firm hold she has won over the destinies of Egypt. The elevation of Luxemburg into a more visibly independent European State, under the ex-Duke of Nassau, creates no apprehension of international misunderstandings. The new Grand Duke and his promising heir-apparent will find their task easy, of preserving strict neutrality in the dealings of the Duchy with its powerful neighbours. With the German Empire no special bonds exist, unless we reckon as such the Teutonic idiom spoken in the Grand Duchy, and its Customs Union with Germany which the inhabitants cherish with good reason as a chief

cause of their material prosperity. Nobody can suppose that the rulers of this country could be so insane as to provoke war. As for the people, none probably ever was less prone to war than this most military of nations. Of a certainty, the words "military" and "warlike" are not synonymous.

The first hour—and the last hour—of Bismarck's supremacy in this country! Few scenes more dramatic than these were, perhaps, ever enacted in the world's history. On September 24th, 1862 he stood before William I. to indicate the lines upon which he would govern the land; on March 20th, 1890, William II. dismissed him into private life. It is interesting to know what passed at the beginning and at the close of a Ministerial career of twenty-seven and a half years' duration and of world-embracing influence. Before that "first hour," Bismarck had passed through a startling Parliamentary and a well employed diplomatic apprenticeship, as Envoy, namely, to Frankfort, to St. Petersburg, and to Paris. Of this we know much—for he never was unwilling to admit the public into the *adyta* of his life. But outsiders had hitherto heard nothing regarding his accession to power. Quite lately, however, the curtain has been raised, in a publication which has failed to attract much attention. Outward proofs of authenticity, to be sure, are wanting, but I am inclined to believe that the account of that historic scene is as exact as the retentive memory of its sole survivor could conjure up. Bismarck had arrived at Berlin early that September morning. In the afternoon he repaired to Babelsberg, the King's little country house in the neighbourhood of Potsdam. His Majesty was seen walking in the Park worried and downcast. By way of friendly reception, he handed to his astonished visitor a document in his own handwriting which announced to the world his resolution to quit the throne he had ascended only twenty months before. "This should not happen in Prussia," remarked Bismarck. The King replied: "I have tried every way out of the present dilemma and there is none left but this. My Ministers are against me. My son takes their part. You too, Bismarck, have been to see him. If you and I do not agree to-day,

then this proclamation shall be instantly gazetted, and my son is welcome to try his hand at reigning in my stead. To abandon my scheme of reorganising the army would be acting against my conviction, and a dereliction of duty." Bismarck, in reply, began by explaining that immediately after his arrival at Berlin that morning he had 'received the Crown Prince's summons," and that on being asked by his Royal Highness what he meant to do, he had replied that he must know his Majesty's wishes first of all. He would now urgently request the King to discard every idea of abdication. King William then, still holding the proclamation between his fingers, asked deliberately: "Will you try to govern without a majority in the Second Chamber?" "Yes." "Without an Appropriation Bill?" "Yes." "And without abandoning my army reorganisation scheme?" "Yes.' "If so, here is the programme of my reign." With these words he passed into Bismarck's hand an autograph MS. of six or more closely-written quarto pages. The Minister, running his eye over the first paragraph, perceived that it contained the Royal views upon the already vexed question of County Councils *(Kreisordnung)*. We seem almost to hear the subdued and beseeching tone of voice in which he would say: "Sire, the question at this present crisis is not whether a preponderance in future County Councils is due to landlords or to towns, but whether in Prussia the Crown shall govern, or a majority of the House of Deputies. This question once settled, all the rest will shake themselves into their places. If, through your Majesty's confidence, I am to be Minister, let there be no binding, no restraining programme." The two walked on. Bismarck observed that the King, whilst mumbling assent, tore to pieces the rejected MS., the fragments dropping on a bridge they at that moment crossed. With characteristic candour and caution he remarked: "These papers might be found. Everybody about here knows your Majesty's handwriting. Better, perhaps, consign them to the fire?" Whilst speaking thus, he had stooped to pick them all up, and the King silently, perhaps sullenly, thrust them into his pocket. In this scene the relation of those two men to each other, I submit, received its final stamp. As Bismarck looked back a little later to watch the King re-entering the house, he observed that his

stature had regained all its usual loftiness—and, observing this, he took courage.

We know nothing whatever—but we may hear any day—of Bismarck at the Berlin Palace on March 20th, 1890, confronting his ever bland, ever calm, and self-contained Sovereign. *Poli et dur comme le marbre*, Voltaire has said of another youthful King of Prussia. The modern Belisarius, in as full possession of his bodily and mental faculties as he was twenty years ago, is busy writing his memoirs, busier still watching events.

GEORGE VON BUNSEN.

FOLIOS AND FOOTLIGHTS.

AMONGST my treasures is a set of the *Cornhill* volumes to the death of Thackeray. I wonder how many people who read that periodical now have the least idea what it was in its early days, what great lights shone in it, what young writers won renown in its pages, what a wealth of good reading these volumes are still! In those times real poets used to write in shilling magazines. My *Cornhill* is enriched by Tennyson, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and the author of *Unspoken Dialogue*. I don't ask whether you remember that, for you have not a particle of sentiment in your composition, and will scoff to hear that I have cherished in my memory many years that exquisite story of the mother and daughter who loved the same man, and of the mother's self-sacrifice for her child's happiness. In that poem, I think, are some of the most beautiful lines Monckton Milnes ever wrote; more beautiful, perhaps, than anything except the verses on our dead soldiers at Scutari.

> No verdure on those graves is seen;
> No shade obstructs the garish day;—
> The tender dews to keep them green
> Are wept, alas! too far away.

There are not many things in the English tongue, let me tell you, which surpass these lines in delicacy and pathos. And the man who could write like that wanted to be a Minister of State, and shine in the diplomatic service! And when these aspirations were disappointed he gained the repute of a frivolous cynic, a crea-

ture of paradox, an exhibitor of the curious beasts that adorn the social menagerie! Luckily, he has found a biographer who has shown us the real Milnes, the only man Carlyle sincerely loved, and of whom that dyspeptic ogre spoke no ill, the friend not merely of lions who roar their season and cease to be, but of humble strugglers who had little hope of a livelihood, much less of fame, and of men of letters who sought to share the paltry public pittance with which the wealthiest nation in the world proclaims its contempt for the profession of literature.

T. Wemyss Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton.* (Cassell & Co.)

There are two notable ways of writing a biography. The one is to leave your subject in considerably worse repute than you found him, and to do this while expressing the most tender regard for his memory. Of this method, Mr. Froude furnishes a shining example in his treatment of Carlyle. The other way is to show that your hero has virtues which the world never suspected, and, while handling his defects with judicial candour, to establish his fame on a monument from which it is not likely to be hustled. This is the task which Mr. Wemyss Reid has performed with complete success. There is no touch of exaggeration in his pages, no straining to make Houghton a greater figure than he really was; but the character is drawn in judicious proportion. And in this pleasant illumination of the real Milnes other people glow with a softened lustre. A more delightful picture of Carlyle in his relations with the man in whom he found a "pervading melody" could not be painted; and was there ever a more truthful criticism of the distempered sage than Milnes's remark on one of Carlyle's books? "It has sold well, and the author looks a little better and fatter for it." Everybody in these volumes seems to have been better and fatter for knowing Monckton Milnes. He had the rare charm of making his friends show their best side to him. Read Tennyson's letter on Lady Houghton's death, and tell me whether sympathy has ever been made so simple and tender.

What Carlyle said of Milnes's style may be applied to Mr. Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography*. It is full of "soft and graceful coherence." Memoirs of actors are tiresome reading, as a rule. There is too much egotism and small beer. Trifles assume a

Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography* (T. F. Unwin.)

tremendous importance, and you are left to suppose that the player's motto is borrowed from Gloster :

> And leave the world for me to bustle in.

But Mr. Jefferson's book is entirely free from this reproach. It is the best piece of prose to which any actor has ever set his hand. Macready wrote with dignity, but he left nothing that can be compared with this admirable chronicle of an actor's career, in which extraordinary vicissitudes are narrated with the happiest humour, many touches of true pathos, some descriptive passages that would do no discredit to a master of style, and, above all, with perfect self-respect. In the evening of a successful life Mr. Jefferson's retrospect blends all by-gones in a genial harmony. You might think there would be some trace of chagrin in the story of Sothern's success in *Our American Cousin*, when Jefferson's Asa Trenchard was totally eclipsed by the farcical vagaries of Dundreary. But Asa tells the tale without a pang, though he may have something more than a suspicion that Dundreary was a triumph not of art but of horse-play.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Over the Teacups*. (Sampson Low & Co.)

There is a pleasant flavour of autobiography in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's continuation of that charming philosophy with which his name has been associated for more than a generation. I don't think I like the Dictator of the *Teacups* quite so well as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. And neither of them is so vivid to my mind as the brisk, vivacious old gentleman who talked to me for two hours one autumn afternoon in Boston a few years ago. "Don't ask me how I am," he said. "It is a dangerous thing to show a sympathetic interest in my health, as if you thought I must die because I am old." "Heaven forbid!" said I. "Well, young people make that mistake sometimes, to their cost," he proceeded, with a wonderful twinkle in his eye. "They write to me like this : 'Dear Dr. Holmes, as in the ordinary course of nature you cannot live much longer, please send me your autograph by return of post.' What happens? Why, they die before the year is out. So when I see a young man approaching with my health plainly in his mind, I say,' Not a word on that subject, my young friend; it is a bad omen—for you.'" And he laughed with the glee of five-and-twenty!

Then he took me to the window and said, "From this point I can count nine townships. A San Francisco man called the other day, and I told him this, and he went home and wrote in some paper that Dr. Holmes was certainly failing fast, for he imagined he could see nine towns from his window when of course he meant steeples." "Atrocious!" I exclaimed. "And is he dead too?" Again I hear that breezy laugh, which shakes the Teacups, as I turn over these welcome pages. I wish I could give you a real idea of the genial humour which illumined that room in Boston, but, as the Dictator-Autocrat himself remarks, "It is impossible to smooth out a conversation from memory without stiffening it; you can't have a dress shirt look quite right without starching the bosom."

I wonder what the patriotic American critic, who is always on the watch for the sinister Britisher, thinks of Dr. Holmes's remarks on "the lawless freaks of New World literature." On this side of the ocean we do not venture to use such language. Some American writings remind Dr. Holmes of "the drunken antics of Helots," and he compares the Young America of Walt Whitman's verse to a three-year-old colt. "He is a droll object, sprawling on the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll—let him roll!" I quote the audacious words with positive terror lest one of those hoofs should visit me in the eye. Has the Sage of the Teacups no dread of the American journalists who are known in the trade as "space-writers," and who are let loose in the social firmament to rearrange the planets, and write Jupiter, if need be, down to the level of the most insignificant star? There must have been some slight uneasiness in our own planetary system when Mr. G. W. Smalley took it in hand in two stout volumes, of which a large section was ominously dubbed "Personalities." But Mr. Smalley is no revolutionary astronomer. He adjusts his telescope with the air of a man who is tolerably satisfied with the conditions in which he pursues his researches. He descends to small chronicles without losing his attitude of grave and dignified observation. If a royal personage by some oversight were to drop his hat on the stairs, Mr. Smalley would pick it up with independent grace, and record the incident in the diction of a

G. W. Smalley's *London Letters*. (Macmillan & Co.)

historian. Of personalities, in the common sense, there are none in this book, but there is a wide acquaintance with English politics and society, a good deal of admirable portraiture, some vivid descriptions, and a tone which should comfort anyone who feels that Mr. Smalley's eye is upon him, with the assurance that he will be treated in a very superior style of art.

Daudet's *Port Tarascon.* (Sampson Low & Co.)

My head is running on American masters, for here is Mr. Henry James's translation of Daudet's last chronicle of Tartarin of Tarascon. I see that one or two writers profess themselves weary of this delightful creation. This is a curious paradox. Tartarin is the great embodiment in literature of the spirit which refuses to yield a servile worship to the bare facts. Tarascon represents the principle that imagination is superior to mere commonplace accuracy of measurement. Surely every writer should proclaim his adhesion to this principle and its illustrious exemplar, instead of affecting to be relieved by Tartarin's death. Depend upon it, this is hypocrisy. The critic who says Tartarin is dull secretly revels in that hero's exploits, and envies his superb assurance in every emergency.

Rhoda Broughton's *Alas!* (Richard Bentley & Sons.)

But what in the name of wonder is dulness when we are told not only that Tartarin is uninteresting, but that Rhoda Broughton, of all writers, has lost her humour? I read in journals of some repute that *Alas!* is heavy. To me it is the most fascinating novel Miss Broughton has ever written. I have my quarrel with this lady, to be sure. She refuses to learn that no sane person of English speech ever says, "Will not you?" for "Won't you?" "Ought not you?" for "Oughtn't you?" and so on, through the whole range of colloquial interrogation. She endows her characters with an intimate knowledge of the poets, and makes them spout verse at moments when no intelligent being would ever dream of it. I rise from these things in a rage; but when I am told that *Alas!* is dull, by people who cannot see that the story of Elizabeth Le Marchant is one of the most artistic pieces of English fiction, that Amelia Wilson is drawn with a pathos in which there is not a false note, that Jim Burgoyne is a real man in every mood, that all the people in the book are flesh and blood, in spite of their quotations, and that the secret of Elizabeth's life entirely explains the extra-

ordinary position she has occupied all through the story—I merely remark that critics who are so blind had better drop the pen and hoe potatoes.

It is the deepening sense of character which makes the artist, and when you see the growth of that quality in a writer who has been amusing the public for twenty years there is some reason for rejoicing. If we could only find this artistic sense constantly developing on the stage! What gain is there for art in the representation of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Princess's? There is not a character in the play who is here endowed with real dramatic life. When I saw Giulia Ravogli in *Orfeo* I forgot the absurdities of the scene, the shock-headed gentlemen who danced with serpents round their necks, the ladies of the ballet who pranced on the tips of their toes in the infernal regions, the smithy fire which kept up the temperature, the pallet which was so comfortably provided for Eurydice to die on, when Orpheus made the mistake of looking back—in wonder, no doubt, at his own success in having flooded such a grotesque place with romance and melody. I did not feel disposed to smile even when Orpheus was fingering the features of the stolid ballet girl, who stood in the familiar attitude with the right foot well turned out, while the enchanting intruder from the upper world was searching for his beloved. The dignity and pathos of Giulia Ravogli touched all these ridiculous details with the glow of poetry, and I was willing to admit that an opera is not always a tale told by an idiot. But in *Antony and Cleopatra* there is neither poetry nor passion, only dazzling drapery and twinkling ankles. You hear the familiar lines, but they have no meaning. Such a spectacle might convert me to Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion that Shakespeare loses all reverence when he is acted, if this entertainment at the Princess's were the best the players could do for him. The revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Lyceum is a welcome reminder that dramatic art still sustains the repute of the playwright whom, according to M. Jules Lemaitre, the French helped us to "invent." M. Lemaitre is a little astray in his chronology. He evidently thinks that Shakespeare was adapted from Sardou. Some of our dramatists are indebted to the skill of that master. I wish the authors of *The People's Idol* had